The New-York Tribune Extra

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 1866.

$5.00 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A NUMBER.

STEINWAY & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

PIANOFORTES

are now acknowledged the best instruments in America as well as in Europe, having taken Thirty-five first premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, for

Powerful, Clear, Brilliant, and Sympathetic Tone,
with excellence of workmanship, as shown in grand and square PIANOS.

There were 200 Pianos, from all parts of the world, entered for competition, and the special correspondent of *The Times* says:

"Messrs. STEINWAYS' indorsement by the jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker.

"This greatest triumph of American Pianofortes in England has caused a sensation in musical circles throughout the continent, and as a result, the Messrs. STEINWAY are in constant receipt of orders from Europe, thus inaugurating a new phase in the history of American Pianofortes, by creating in them an article of export."

Every Steinway Pianoforte is Warranted for Five Years.

Among the many and most valuable improvements introduced by Messrs. Steinway & Sons in their Pianofortes,

THE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS

is directed to their

PATENT AGRAFFE ARRANGEMENT.

(For which letters patent were granted to them Nov. 29, 1859.)

The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, since that time by Steinway & Sons, in all their Grands and highest-priced Square Pianofortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that hereafter their "Patent Agraffe Arrangement" will be introduced in every Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap the full advantage of this great improvement.

Testimonial of the most distinguished Artists to STEINWAY & SONS

The Pianofortes, Grand, Square, and Upright, manufactured by Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS, have established for themselves so world-wide a reputation as scarcely to require any thing to their just fame.

Having thoroughly tested and tried these instruments personally for years, both in public and private, it becomes our pleasant duty to express our candid opinion regarding their unquestioned superiority over any other Piano known to us

Among the chief points of the uniform excellence of the STEINWAY Pianos are:

Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch.

This peculiarity is found exclusively in the STEINWAY Piano, and together with the matchless precision, elasticity, and promptness of action always characterizing these instruments, as well as their unequaled durability under the severest trials, is truly surprising, and claims at once the admiration of every artist. We therefore consider the STEINWAY Pianos in all respects *the best Instruments made in this country or in Europe, use them solely and exclusively ourselves in public or private, and recommend them invariably to our friends and the Public.*

We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the Pianos of various makers, but *freely and unhesitatingly pronounce Messrs.* STEINWAY & SONS' *Pianos superior to them all.*

S. B. MILLS,	WM. MASON,	A. H. PEASE,
ROBERT GOLDBECK,	ROBERT HELLER,	THEO. EISFELD,
HENRY C. TIMM,	WM. BERGE,	C. BERGMANN,
GEO. W. MORGAN,	L. MUZIO,	MAX MARETZEK,
THEO. THOMAS,	CARL ANSCHUTZ	CARL WOLFSOHN,
F. L. RITTER,	F. BRANDEIS,	B. WOLLENHAUPT.
THEO. MOELLING,	CHAS. WELS,	F. VON BREUNIG.

Letter from the Artists of the Italian and German Opera, and other Celebrated Vocalists

NEW YORK, December, 1864.

MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS—Gentlemen:—Having used your Pianos for some time in public and in private, we desire to express our unqualified admiration in regard to their merits.

We find in them excellencies which no other Pianos known to us possess to the same perfection. They are characterized by a sonority, harmonious roundness and richness of tone, combined with an astonishing prolongation of sound, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice, to a degree that leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never met with any instruments, not even of the most celebrated manufactories of Europe, which have given us such entire satisfaction, especially as regards their unequalled qualities for accompanying the voice, and keeping in tune so long a time, as your Pianos; and we therefore cheerfully recommend them above all others to students of Vocal music and to the public generally.

MAX MARETZEK,	CARL BERGMANN,	CARL ANSCHUTZ,
B. MASSIMILIANI,	ELENA D'ANGRI,	KARL FORMES,
FERD. BELLINI,	PEDRO DE ABELLA,	THEO. HABELMANN,
W. LOTTI,	E. MILLET,	FRANZ HIMMER,
JOS. WEINLICH,	F. MAZZOLENI,	JOS HERMANNS,
D. B. LORINI,	GIUSEPPE TAMARO,	BERTHA JOHANNSEN,
CARLOTTA C. ZUCCHI,	ISIDOR LEHMAN,	MARIE FREDERICI,
MRS. J. VAN ZANDT,	H. STAINECKE,	PAULINE CANISSA.

Letter from the Eminent Musician and Celebrated Composer of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," FRANZ ABT

BRUNSWICK (Germany) September 10, 1860.

MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS—Gentlemen:—A short time ago I had occasion of meeting with, and trying one of your Patent Overstrung Grand Concert Pianos, which had been brought here by Mr. Hohnstock, of Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my undisguised admiration. There are no other instruments known to me which could excel yours; with respect to fullness of tone, I have never met with their equal. Such power of the bass, and roundness of the middle tones, such softness and clearness of the upper notes, and withal such complete uniformity of the various octaves, I have, so far, never met in any instrument, not even in any of the most celebrated manufactories of Europe. The elasticity of touch is most surprising, and it may be taken as a sure evidence of the retentiveness of tune, that in spite of the distant transportation from Philadelphia to this place, there was not one string out of tune. I am satisfied that these instruments will soon take the lead of all other makes, and I wish from my heart that you may continue to labor for the benefit of Art, for many years.

Very respectfully yours, FRANZ ABT.

BROOKLYN, JANUARY, 26, 1861.

MESSRS. STEINWAY—I regard him as a benefactor who builds a good Piano, and I am your beneficiary on that account. Having had one of your instruments for several years, I can bear witness to its admirable qualities in every respect. I am more than satisfied, and if I had to buy another, I should certainly go to your rooms again. It is a pleasure to praise your work.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

From "A Discourse on Pianos," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. N. Y. INDEPENDENT, Dec. 7, 1865.

Upon a lucky day, a Steinway Piano stood in our parlor. For power, fulness, richness, and evenness of tone, it was admirable; nor do we believe we could better in our choice. In our summer home it stands yet, a musical angel; and our wish is that the day may come when every working man in America may have a good STEINWAY PIANO."

WAREROOMS, No. 71 and 73 EAST FOURTEENTH Street between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

(For the Saturday Press.)

A STRANGE DREAM.

BY MARK TWAIN.

VOLCANO HOUSE.

CRATER OF "KILAUEA," SANDWICH ISLANDS, *April* 1, 1866.

MY DEAR PRESS:

All day long I have sat apart and pondered over the mysterious occurrences of last night. * * * There is nothing lacking in the chain of incidents—my memory presents each in its proper order with perfect distinctness, but still—

However, never mind these reflections—I will drop them and proceed to make a simple statement of facts.

Towards eleven o'clock it was suggested that the character of the night was peculiarly suited to viewing the mightiest active volcano on the earth's surface in its most impressive sublimity. There was no light of moon or star in the inky heavens to mar the effect of the crater's gorgeous pyrotechnics.

In due time I stood, with my companion, on the wall of the vast cauldron which the natives, ages ago, named *Hale mau mau*—the abyss wherein they were wont to throw the remains of their chiefs, to the end that vulgar feet might never tread above them. We stood there, at dead of night, a mile above the level of the sea, and looked down a thousand feet upon a boiling, surging, roaring ocean of fire!—shaded our eyes from the blinding glare and gazed far away over the crimson waves with a vague [illegible] and freighted with the damned, might presently sail up out of the remote distance; started when tremendous thunder-bursts shook the earth, and followed with fascinated eyes the grand jets of molten lava that sprang high up toward the zenith and exploded in a world of fiery spray that lit up the sombre heavens with an infernal splendor.

"What is your little bonfire of Vesuvius to this?"

My ejaculation roused my companion from his reverie, and we fell into a conversation appropriate to the occasion and the surroundings. We came at last to speak of the ancient custom of casting the bodies of dead chieftains into this fearful cauldron, and my comrade, who is of the blood royal, mentioned that the founder of his race, old King Kamehameha the First,—that invincible old pagan Alexander—had found other sepulture than the burning depths of the *Hale mau mau*. I grew interested at once; I knew that the mystery of what became of the corpse of the warrior King had never been fathomed; I was aware that there was a legend connected with this matter, and I felt as if there could be no more fitting time to listen to it than the present. The descendant of the Kamehamehas said:

"The dead king was brought in royal state down the long, winding road that descends from the rim of the crater to the scorched and chasm-riven plain that lies between the *Hale mau mau* and those beetling walls yonder in the distance. The guards were set and the troops of mourners began the weird wail for the departed. In the middle of the night came a sound of innumerable voices in the air, and the rush of invisible wings; the funereal torches wavered, burned blue, and went out! The mourners and watchers fell to the ground paralyzed by fright, and many minutes elapsed before any one dared to move or speak, for they believed that the phantom messengers of the dread Goddess of Fire had been in their midst. When at last, a torch was lighted, the bier was vacant—the dead monarch had been spirited away! Consternation seized upon all, and they fled out of the crater. When day dawned, the multitude returned, and began the search for the corpse. But not a footprint, not a sign was found. Day after day the search was continued, and every cave in the great walls, and every chasm in the plain, for miles around, was examined, but all to no purpose—and from that day to this the mystery of what became of the corpse of the warrior King has been a mystery. But years afterward, when the grim[illegible] that sent the prophetess Wiahowakawak lay on her deathbed, she goddess *Pele* appeared to her in a vision and told her that eventually the secret would be revealed, and that the remains of King Kamehameha the Great, thus sepulchred in long years, by *kuhu* the Shark God, should desert the sacred cave *Aua Puhi*, in the Island of Molokai, and the waters of the sea should no more visit it, and its floors should become dry. Ever since that time, the simple, confiding natives have watched for the sign. And now, after many and many a summer has come and gone and they who were in the flower of youth then, have waxed old and died, the day is at hand! The great Shark God has deserted the *Aua Puhi*: a month ago for the first time, within the records of the ancient legends, the waters of the sea ceased to flow into the cavern, and its stony pavement is become dry! As you may easily believe, the news of this event spread like wild fire through the islands, and now the natives are looking every hour for the miracle, which is to unveil the mystery, and reveal the secret grave of the dead hero." * * * *

After I had gone to bed, I got to thinking of the volcanic magnificence we had witnessed, and could not go to sleep. I hunted up a book and concluded to pass the time in reading. The first chapter I came upon related several instances of remarkable revelations, made to men through the agency of dreams—of roads and houses, trees, fences and all manner of landmarks, shown in visions and recognized afterwards in waking hours, and which served to point the way to some dark mystery or other.

At length I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was abroad in the great plain that skirts the *Hale mau mau*. I stood in a sort of twilight which softened the outlines of surrounding objects, but still left them tolerably distinct. A gaunt, muffled figure stepped out from the shadow of a rude column of lava, and moved away with a slow and measured step, beckoning me to follow. I did so. I marched down, down, round its tortuous course through piles and pyramids of seamed and blackened lava, and under overhanging masses of sulphur formed by the artist-hand of Nature into an infinitude of fanciful shapes. The thought crossed my mind that possibly my phantom guide might lead me down among the bowels of the crater, and then disappear and leave me to grope my way through its mazes, and work out my deliverance as best I might, and so, with an eye to such a contingency, I picked up a stone, and "blazed" my course by breaking off a projecting corner, from time to time, from the lava walls and festoons of sulphur. Finally we turned into a cleft in the crater's side, and pursued our way through its intricate windings for many a fathom down toward the [illegible] ome of the subterranean fires, our course lighted [illegible] ll the while by a ruddy glow which filtered up through innumerable cracks and crevices, and which forded me occasional glimpses of the flood of molten fire boiling and hissing in the profound depths [illegible] neath us. The heat was intense, and the sulphurous atmosphere suffocating, but I toiled on in the [illegible] otsteps of my stately guide, and uttered no complaint. At last we came to a sort of rugged chamber whose sombre and blistered walls spake with [illegible] ate eloquence of some fiery tempest that had spent [illegible] fury here in a by-gone age. The spectre pointed [illegible] a great boulder at the farther extremity—stood [illegible] d pointed, silent and motionless, for a few fleeting [illegible] oments, and then disappeared! "The grave of [illegible] e last Kamehameha!" The words swept mournfully by, from some unknown source, and died away [illegible] the distant corridors of my prison-house, and I [illegible] s alone in the bowels of the earth, in the home of [illegible] solation, in the presence of death!

My first frightened impulse was to fly, but a [illegible] onger impulse arrested me, and impelled me to [illegible] proach the massive boulder the spectre had pointed at. With hesitating step I went forward and [illegible] od beside it—nothing there; I grew bolder, and [illegible] lked around and about it, peering shrewdly into [illegible] the crevices with my elbow, and lo! it vibrated [illegible] with my feeble hand. My curiosity rose up, and [illegible] ing, I paused to consider what to do next. [illegible] hile I stood irresolute, I chanced to brush the [illegible] erous stone with my elbow, and lo! it vibrated [illegible] my touch! I would as soon have thought of starting a kiln of bricks with my feeble hand. My curiosity was excited. I bore against the boulder, and it yielded to the pressure—I bore yet harder, and it [illegible] ld yielded—I gave a sudden push with my whole [illegible] strength, and it toppled from its foundation with a [illegible] ng. Beneath, in a shallow excavation over which it had [illegible] ested, lay the crumbling skeleton of King Kamehameha the Great, thus sepulchred in long years, by supernatural hands! The bones could be none other, for with them lay the rare and priceless crown of *pulamalama* coral sacred to royalty, and *tabu* to all else beside. A hollow human groan issued out of the——

I woke up. How glad I was to know it was all a dream! "This comes of listening to the legend of the noble lord—of reading of those lying dream revelations—of allowing myself to be carried away by the wild beauty of old *Kilauea* at midnight—of gorging too much pork and beans for supper!" And so I turned over, and fell asleep again. And dreamed the same dream precisely as before; followed the phantom—"blazed" my course—arrived at the grim chamber—heard the sad spirit voice—overturned the massy stone—beheld the regal crown and the decaying bones of the great king!

I woke up, and reflected long upon the curious and singularly vivid dream, and finally muttered to myself, "This—this is becoming serious!"

I fell asleep again, and again I dreamed the same dream, without a single variation! I slept no more, but tossed restlessly in bed, and longed for daylight. And when it came I wandered forth, and descended to the wide plain in the crater. I said to myself, "I am not superstitious, but if there is anything in that dying woman's prophecy, I am the instrument appointed to uncurtain this ancient mystery." As I walked along, I even half expected to see my solemn guide step out from some nook in the lofty wall, and beckon me to come on. At last when I reached the place where I had first seen him in my dream, I recognized every surrounding object, and there, winding down among the blocks and fragments of lava, I saw the very trail I had traversed in my vision. I resolved to traverse it again, come what might. I wondered if, in my unreal journey, I had "blazed" my way, so that it would stand the test of stern reality; and thus wondering, a chill went to my heart when I came to the first stony projection I had broken off in my dream, and saw the fresh new fracture, and the dismembered fragment lying on the ground! My curiosity rose up, and banished all fear, and I hurried along as fast as the rugged road would allow me. I looked for my other "blazes," and found them; found the cleft in the wall; recognized all its turnings; walked in the light that ascended from the glowing furnaces visible far below; sweated in the close, hot atmosphere, and breathed the sulphurous smoke—and at last I stood hundreds of feet beneath the peaks of *Kilauea* in the ruined chamber, and in the presence of the mysterious boulder!

"This is no dream," I said; "this is a revelation from the realm of the supernatural; and it becomes not me to longer reason, conjecture, suspect, but blindly to obey the impulses given me by the unseen power that guides me."

I moved with slow and reverent step toward the stone and bore against it. It yielded perceptibly to the pressure. I br ught my full weight and strength to bear, and surged against it. It yielded again, but I was so enfeebled by my toilsome journey that I could not overthrow it. I rested a little, and then raised an edge of the boulder by a strong, steady push, and placed a small stone under it to keep it from sinking back to its place. I rested again, and then repeated the process. Before long, I had added a third prop, and had got the edge of the boulder considerably elevated. The labor and the close atmosphere together were so exhausting, however, that I was obliged to lie down, then, and recuperate my strength by a longer season of rest. And so, hour after hour I labored, growing more and more weary, but still upheld by a fascination which I felt was infused into me by the invisible powers whose will I was working. At last I concentrated my strength in a final effort, and the stone rolled from its position.

I can never forget the overpowering sense of awe that sank down like a great darkness upon my spirit at that moment. After a solemn pause to prepare myself, with bowed form and uncovered head, I slowly turned my gaze till it rested upon the spot where the great stone had lain.

There wasn't any bones there.

* * * * * * *

I just said to myself, "Well, if this ain't the blastedest infernalest humbug that ever I've come across yet, I wish I may never!"

And then I scratched out of there, and marched up here to the Volcano Hous , and got out my old

raw-boned fool of a horse, "Oahu,"* and "lammed" him till he couldn't stand up without leaning against something.

You cann t bet anything on dreams.

MARK TWAIN.

MRS. BULLWINKLE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Ladies and gentlemen. Give me five minutes' sympathy and attention. I have something serious to say to you.

I am a married man, with an income which is too miserably limited to be worth mentioning." About a month since, my wife advanced me one step nearer to the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors, by presenting me with another child. On five previous occasions her name had appeared in the List of British Mothers which adorns the daily Supplement of the *Times* newspaper. At each of these trying periods (I speak entirely of myself when I use the word "trying") she was attended by the same Monthly Nurse. On this last, and sixth, occasion, we were not so fortunate as to secure the services of our regular functionary. She was already engaged; and a new Nurse, with excellent recommendations, was, therefore, employed in her stead. When I first heard of her, and was told that her name was Mrs. Bullwinkle, I laughed. It was then the beginning of the month. It is now the end of it, and I write down that once comical name with a settled gravity which nothing can disturb.

We all know Mrs. Gamp. My late Monthly Nurse is the exact antipodes of her. Mrs. Bullwinkle is tall and dignified; her complexion is fair; her Grecian nose is innocent of all convivial coloring; her figure is not more than agreeably plump; her manners are icily composed; her dress is quiet and neat; her age cannot be more than five and thirty; her style of conversation, when she talks, is flowing and grammatical—upon the whole, she appears to be a woman who is much too ladylike for her station in life. When I first met Mrs. Bullwinkle on the stairs, I felt inclined to apologize for my wife's presumption in engaging her services. Though I checked this absurd impulse, I could not resist answering the new nurse's magnificent curtsy by expressing a polite hope that she would find her situation everything that she could wish, under my roof.

"I am not accustomed to exact much, sir," said Mrs. Bullwinkle. "The cook seems, I am rejoiced to say, to be an intelligent and attentive person. I have been giving her some little hints on the subject of my meals. I have ventured to tell her that I eat little and often; and I think she thoroughly understands me."

I am ashamed to say I was not so sharp as the cook. I did not thoroughly understand Mrs. Bullwinkle, until it became my duty, through my wife's inability to manage our domestic business, to settle the weekly bills. I then became sensible of an alarming increase in our household expenditure. If I had given two dinner-parties in the course of the week, the bills could not have been more exorbitant: the butcher, the baker, and the grocer could not have taken me at a heavier pecuniary disadvantage. My heart sank as I thought of my miserable income. I looked up piteously from the bills to the cook for an explanation.

The cook looked back at me compassionately, shook her head, and said:

"Mrs. Bullwinkle."

I reckoned up additional joints, additional chops, additional steaks, fillets, kidneys, gravy, beef. I told off a terrible supplement to the usual family consumption of bread, flour, tea, sugar, and alcoholic liquids. I appealed to the cook again; and again the cook shook her head, and said, "Mrs. Bullwinkle."

My miserable income obliges me to look after sixpences, as other men look after five-pound notes. Ruin sat immovable on the pile of weekly bills, and stared me sternly in the face. I went up into my wife's room. The new nurse was not there. The unhappy partner of my pecuniary embarrassments was reading a novel. My innocent infant was smiling in its sleep. I had taken the bills with me. Ruin followed them up-stairs, and sat spectral on one side of the bed, while I sat on the other.

"Don't be alarmed, love," I said, "if you hear the police in the house. Mrs. Bullwinkle has a large family, and feeds them all out of our provisions. A search shall be instituted, and slumbering Justice shall be aroused. Look at these joints, these chops, these steaks, these fillets, these kidneys, these gravy beefs!"

My wife shook her head, exactly as the cook had shaken hers; and answered precisely as the cook had answered, "Mrs. Bullwinkle."

"But where does she hide it all?" I exclaimed.

My wife shut her eyes, and shuddered.

"John!" she said, "I have privately consulted the doctor; and the doctor says Mrs. Bullwinkle is a Cow."

"If the doctor had to pay these bills," I retorted savagely, "he would not be quite so free with his jokes."

"He is in earnest, dear. He explained to me, what I never knew before, that a cow is an animal with many stomachs———"

"What!" I cried out in amazement; "do you mean to tell me that all these joints, these chops, these steaks, these fillets, these kidneys, these gravy beefs—these loaves, these muffins, these mixed biscuits—these teas, these sugars, these brandies, gins, sherries, and beers, have disappeared in one week, down Mrs. Bullwinkle's throat?"

"All, John," said my wife, sinking back on the pillow with a groan.

It was impossible to look at the bills and believe it. I questioned and cross-questioned my wife, and still elicited nothing but the one bewildering answer, "All, John." Determined—for I am a man of a logical and judicial mind—to have this extraordinary and alarming case properly investigated, I took out my pocket-book and pencil, and asked my wife if she felt strong enough to make a few private entries for my satisfaction. Finding that she willingly accepted the responsibility, I directed her to take down, from her own personal investigation, a statement of Mrs. Bullwinkle's meals, and of the time at which she partook of each of them, for twenty-four hours, beginning with one morning and ending with another. After making this arrangement, I descended to the parlor, and took the necessary business measures for using the cook as a check upon her mistress. Having carefully instructed her to enter, on the kitchen slate, everything that was sent up to Mrs. Bullwinkle, for twenty-four hours, I felt that my machinery for investigating the truth was now complete. If the statement of the mistress, in bed on the second floor, agreed with the statement of the cook, in the distant sphere of the kitchen, there could then be no doubt that I had obtained a perfectly correct statement of the mysterious subject of Mrs. Bullwinkle's meals.

In due time the two reports were sent in, and I had an opportunity of understanding at last, what "eating little and often" really meant, in the case of my wife's monthly nurse. Except in one particular, to be hereafter adverted to, both statements agreed exactly. Here is the list, accompanied by a correct time-table, of Mrs. Bullwinkle's meals, beginning with the morning of Monday and ending with the morning of Tuesday. I certify on my word of honor, as a British husband and housekeeper, that the copy is correctly taken from my wife's entries in my pocket-book, checked impartially by the cook's slate:

A. M.

7. Breakfast.—Tea, Toast, Half-quartern Loaf, Eggs, Bacon.

9.30. First Morning Snack.—A glass of pale Sherry, and a plate of Mixed Biscuits.

11. Second Morning Snack.—A Basin of Beef Tea, and a tumbler of Brandy and Water.

P. M.

12.45. Dinner.—A Roast Loin of mutton and Mashed Potatoes. With Dinner, Ale, spiced and warmed. After Dinner a tumbler of Hot Gin and Water.

P. M.

3. Afternoon Snack.—A Glass of pale Sherry, and a Cup of Tea.

4.30. Tea and Muffins.

7. Evening Snack.—Stewed Cheese, Toast and a tumbler of Brandy and Water.

9. Supper.—Nice Juicy Steak and two glasses of Beer. Second Course.—Stewed Cheese, and a Tumbler of Gin and Water.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.—(Not vouched for by the cook's slate.)—During the night of Monday Mrs. Bullwinkle partook, at intervals, of Caudle. At 3.40 A.M., on the morning of Tuesday, my wife was awakened by hearing the nurse walking up and down the room, sighing bitterly. The following conversation then took place between them:

My Wife.—Are you ill?

Mrs. Bullwinkle.—No. Hungry.

I can certify that the above list correctly and even moderately represents Mrs. Bullwinkle's daily bill of fare, for one month. I can assert, from my own observation, that every dish, at every hour of the day, which went up to her full, invariably came down from her empty. Mrs. Bullwinkle was not a wasteful eater. She could fully appreciate, in roast meat, for example the great value of "lean;" but she was not on that account, insensible to the humbler merits of fat, skin, and "outside." All—emphatically, all—was fish that came to her net; and the net itself, as I can personally testify, was never once overweighted and never out of order. I have watched, in the case of this perfectly unparalleled human cormorant, for symptoms of apoplexy, or at least of visible repletion, with a dreadful absorbing interest: and have, on no occasion, been rewarded by making the smallest discovery.

Mrs. Bullwinkle was never, while in my service, even so much as partially intoxicated. Her face was never flushed; her articulation was never thickened; her brain was never confused; her movements were never uncertain. After the breakfast, the two morning snacks, and the dinner—all occurring within the space of six hours—she could move about the room with unimpeded freedom of action. I could keep my wife and the baby in a state of the strictest discipline; could curtsy magnificently when the unoffending master, whom she was eating out of house and home, entered the room; preserving her color, her equilibrium, and her stays alone when she sank down and when she swelled up again without the vestige of an apparent effort. During the month of her devastating residence under my roof, she had two hundred and forty-eight meals, including the snacks; and she went out of the house no larger and no redder than she came in. After the statement of one such fact as that, further comment is superfluous.

I leave the case in the hands of the medical and married public. I present it, as a problem, to physiological science. I offer it as a warning to British husbands with limited incomes. While I write these lines, while I give my married countrymen this friendly caution, my wife is weeping over the tradesmen's bills; my children are on one-half allowance of food; my cook is worked off her legs; my purse is empty. Young husbands and persons about to marry, commit to memory the description here given of my late monthly nurse! Avoid a tall and dignified woman, with a flowing style of conversation and impressively lady-like manners! Beware, my struggling friends, my fellow-toilers along the heavily-taxed highways of domestic happiness—beware of Mrs. Bullwinkle.

THE PLEASURES OF MIDDLE AGE.

Great writers have long ago said all that can fairly be said upon the subject of youth and boyhood, and some of them, as an intellectual feat, have been known to devote themselves to the praise of old age. Few philosophers or poets ever dream of saying a kindly word for the interval that lies between the two extremes, and middle-aged people are left to infer that they are passing through an uninteresting and inglorious stage of life. They cannot help seeing that, from a romantic or sentimental point of view, they are thought to be at a discount. It is no use reminding young persons of either sex that the fine things that are written about youth and beauty are often written by middle-aged, and frequently even by fat, people; that Byron was a middle-aged man whose chief anxiety in life was not to become obese; and that the prime of life, both intellectually and physically, is said to be the period between thirty and forty. All such apologies are treated with a quiet irony, and middle-aged gentlemen and ladies are considered to be worthy creatures totally useless for all sentimental purposes. It is really high time that some one should compose a Ciceronian treatise upon the pleasures of middle age. Of course it has its drawbacks. It is not pleasant for any one to perceive that the gay and frivolous beauty whose conversation he is monopolizing has noticed incipient thinness in his front hair, and is inwardly inclined to treat his invitation to waltz as if it were the overture of a courteous cow. To be conscious that he wears the aspect not so much of a possible lover as of a householder and ratepayer, that no one will ever again think of him in connection with the moon, or a lute, or a nightingale, or any other staple emblem of romance, and that, for the best of all reasons, he will not in any case be able to exchange locks with the future object of his affections, is at first perhaps a humiliating reflection. But, as it wears off, a wise man will begin to comprehend that his position under such circumstances is not, after all, very uncomfortable, and may be very tolerable even to those to whom dancing and digestion have become respectively an operation. The first soothing consideration that will present itself to him is perhaps that he is as little anxious to engage in the more violent recreations of youth as others are to see him engage in them. The desire and the capacity bid him good-bye together. And there are few things in the world more agreeable than the sense of moderate and gentlemanly repletion. The sober philosopher rises from the feast of youth in the same benevolent and pious spirit in which Horace tells us we should rise from the banquet of life. Gratefully acknowledging that he has dined, he is happy to stand by and see others succeeding to his vacant place.

It is not till the blood has cooled, as we know upon the best authority, that the mind works temperately; and one of the first consolations of the middle-aged man will be that he is all the more capable of a discriminating enjoyment. The feverish heyday delights of youth can scarcely be considered intellectual. The hot spring of life, when every bottle of Champagne seems genuine, and every cigar an Havana, when everything that rhymes and that is about young women's hair seems poetry and every young woman herself a goddess, gives place to a calmer phase when young women and other things are appreciated according to their real merits. Mental intoxication is very entrancing while it lasts, but mental sobriety, of the two, must be taken to be a higher blessing. No sense can be said to have arrived at its perfection until it is accompanied with the exercise of critical judgment; and, though a critical taste is liable to the suspicion of being fastidious, there is a good deal to be said in favor of the pleasures of tasting and weighing, and even of rejecting. Few fruits have ever been more unfairly abused than the apple of the tree of knowledge. Its flavor is not synonymous with the horrid reaction that sets in upon those who, having plunged into life with exaggerated rapture, awaken some fine morning to the bitter consciousness that the world is very hollow, and that there is a caterpillar at the heart of every rose. The reaction is as far removed from real healthiness as the original excitement, and has nothing in common with the blessed lot of those who, having schooled themselves never to expect too much, are therefore seldom disappointed. The people who start with a moderate provision of discernment are not subject to the annoyance of being violently plundered of their illusions, because they wear their illusions lightly. Like Juvenal's traveller, they have nothing particular to lose, and can afford to whistle unconcernedly in the face of the highway robber, time. This is a very different frame of mind from cynicism. It is the art, not of scorning and sneering at life, and of thinking that there is nothing new and nothing true, and hardly anything worth having, but the art of making the very best of the world as one finds it, and of separating judiciously the kernel from the husk. In the very process of separation there is much to amuse and interest. To know the proportions of things is as valuable a prerogative as the Virgilian privilege of knowing their causes.

Picking and choosing between good and bad books is an occupation that is by no means unproductive of pleasure. There is a sunny season of life at which one three-volume novel from a circulating library seems as delightful as another, provided, like the Scotchman's brandy and water, it is sufficiently hot and strong—when Mr. Owen Meredith gives as much satisfaction as Mr. Tennyson, and more than Wordsworth, and when any story that has got the adventures of a sportsman or a dog in it appears fully equal to *Tom Jones*. It may seem at the first glance as if it were a genuine loss to have got rid of this power of promiscuous feeding. But as men cease to be able to admire bad books, they find new and intrinsic sources of interest in good ones. It is something to know, and to feel sure that one knows, why Owen Meredith is poor, and why Wordsworth is not poor, and why some parts of Wordsworth are better and more admirable than the rest. The mental progress which enables people to attain to this does not by any means disqualify them for discovering much to look at in what is worthless and contemptible. Young persons, for example, have in ordinary cases a noble and vigorous contempt and dislike for what is mean. They cannot bear the thought of the wretched fox-hunter in the adjoining parish who beats his wife, and they recoil in unmitigated disgust from the immoral grocer in the village, who listens to a hot abusive gospel twice every Sunday from his chapel pew, and sands his sugar with equal regularity on the Monday. He is a nauseous, vulgar, uninteresting sight to them, and they try to banish the very thought of him. Middle age helps one to look at the grocer in a different light, and even to get instruction and pleasure out of him. It is true he sands his sugar, and no one can dislike sandy sugar more than a middle-aged English gentleman, but from other points of view the grocer is not a despicable study. How he came to sand it first, and why it is that a man who, in his bullying and tyrannical way, is not uncharitable to the poor, or unkind to his children, does not see the harm in sanding it; and how he comes to be an Independent, and what are his views on religion and politics, and why he is in favor of marrying a wife's sister, and against flogging in the army, are all subjects that a good-tempered middle-aged philosopher might pursue for a month. It is much the same with indifferent sermons. Perhaps the true test of a contented middle age is the being able not to mind bad sermons so very much. In spite of the hardness of the seat, and the rigid perpendicularity of the new book, a thoughtful person can go on taking an interest in the preaching long after all interest in the preacher's discourse has come to an end. What is his object in alluding gracefully to St. Augustine, whom he has never read, and inveighing against philosophers and sceptics whom none of his congregation ever are likely to read; whether he imposes upon himself, or on his wife and children, or his maid-servants, or the bishop of the diocese; why he thinks the Propagation Society wicked, but the Church Missionary Society all that is excellent; and why, hating the dissenting minister over the way in all other respects like poison, he can still join hands with him in a good sanguinary British detestation of the Pope, may serve for endless material for inquiry. It is just the same with bad books. If a spirited young gentleman or lady once happened to learn that a novel or poem was wretchedly below par, they would be far too eager and too enthusiastic in their condemnation to tolerate it. The philosopher who has arrived at mature years knows better than to be irritated over such a trifle. If he were once to begin being irritated over inferior poetry, he might go on being irritated all his life, and only enjoy peace of mind when he had locked himself into his library with his Sophocles or his Shakespeare. Accordingly, he is not so put out with the discovery of the defects as not to be able to recognize what is to be fairly said on the other side of the account. For instance, he can quite understand the excitement and pleasure the poor author or authoress has derived from the effort to tell us, amid all the inconveniences of metre, how much they enjoy landscape scenery of all kinds when they see it, and how they would like to love and be beloved, and how happy they think they could be in heaven. The attempt to inform us of all this, or to dress up what other people have already thought about it in new and totally original rhymes, may not be very successful, but it is part of human life, and ought to be viewed with sympathy. And it will nowhere get sympathy except from those who are thoroughly middle-aged. The sympathy bestowed by the young, who are imposed upon by all this soul-fluttering, is not worth having, for the young are very hard-hearted, and as soon as they find out a literary imposture they fling the unhappy imposter's work into the flames. The only real, valuable, genuine sympathy is that which is bestowed by those who are aware of the imposture from the first, but who still go on tolerating and hunting out the redeeming points in the impostor. The power, both in literature and the world, of taking things as one finds them, goes hand-in-hand with the power of discerning good from evil.

A similar source of pleasure to middle age is its capacity of being content with compromises. Young persons are terribly ambitious, and think that everything will be a miserable failure unless

* I named him after one of the other islands of this group—usually pronounced Waw-hoo. This horse formerly went by the name of John. He spelt it with a G.

they can succeed in driving a coach and four over every obstacle. They put their oar very deep in the water, and trust to be able to will it through with a jerk. Success, and unlimited success, appears the only thing worth looking for to those of them who are conscious of possessing genius. They are of opinion that there is no place in the tree worth sitting on but the topmost bough, and that bliss only belongs to Lord Chancellors, or Bishops, or Prime Ministers, or Generals; or to very rich men. Here again it is necessary to distinguish between cynicism and philosophy. The cynic believes, or pretends to believe, that the Prime Minister is only a man with Mr. B[illegible] feather in his cap, and that all feathers are so much quills, and not worth a single hour of indigestion or sleeplessness. The philosopher is wiser than this, and is perfectly alive to the substantial and tangible advantages of wearing even a feather, if feather it is to be termed. Money, and ease, and immunity from economical cares, the society of cultivated and elegant men and women, the respect of the world at large, an airy London house, and first-rate cookery and wine, are all solid, stable privileges. When one thinks of all of them, it is ridiculous to say that success is a poor or trivial thing. A bachelor may get some of these advantages at his club, but a Prime Minister is more completely master of them. Life is certainly a journey and a prilgrimage, but if it were only a journey of a single night, traveling first-class would be incomparably more comfortable than traveling third. It is a credit to middle age that it neither, as a rule, adopts the *Aut Cæsar aut nullus* maxim of youth, nor the *Nil admirari* of the[illegible]nic. It is satisfied to pick what is within its grasp, and even to climb after what can be brought within its reach, and to leave the rest for more fortunate climbers. Between successful and unsuccessful merit there is the vast difference of comfort and ease. It is therefore better to be successful, though enough of success is pretty nearly as good as a feast. And the same rule of compromise holds good in other matters. To take and enjoy domestic affection without being too desirous of a life of passionate romance is one obvious lesson that middle age teaches. Another is to be ready to accept something short of complete victory, in contests of opinion. At the outset of life we all hope to be able to convince and to convert the world, or the public, or our neighbors, or at all events our friends. We feel a difficulty in acting with men whose views about religion, or morality, or politics differ materially from our own. If we went through our career in such a temper, we should fare as badly as a man would fare in the thoroughfares of London who could not bear a crowd. Life is made up, as middle age discovers, of giving and of taking, and the first principle of the great art of association and mutual help is to learn what is all-important, and what is sufficiently immaterial and secondary to admit of being sacrificed for the end we have in view. Whether it be in a club, or a partnership, or a parish, or a diocese, or a public meeting, or a political party, the truth holds good that to move powerfully and effectually we ought to be able to move with as little friction as possible, and the only way to lessen individual friction is for individuals to smooth down their own rough edges. To superficial observers a man who is thus employed in sacrificing his crotchets and filing down his rough edges appears sometimes to be trafficking with principle; and in many cases a sacrifice of principle is no doubt what excessive complaisance and facility comes to. But the two things may, and ought to be, theoretically distinct; and a man who gives away a penny to gain a pound ought not to be confounded with a man who gives away a pound to gain a penny. Young men often are tempted to stigmatise the habit of knowing when to take a compromise as worldliness. Worldliness, however, is in reality a term of reproach or praise according to circumstances. If it means postponing considerations of right and wrong to considerations of personal convenience, it deserves all that can be said against it. If it means a clear view of the main point that is wanted, and a willingness to receive the substance without standing out for the shadow too, it deserves blessing and not cursing. Such worldliness as this last has been at the bottom of almost every good measure and useful reform that has been carried in England for the greater part of the present century. It is in its nature not indirectly connected with generosity. Generosity is not often predicated of middle age; and in some ways middle age appears to be egotistical. Yet egotism ought rather to be ascribed to the age which gives itself up to dominant ideas. Egotistical as enthusiasts may call it, a practical and moderate policy is usually connected with largeness of view and toleration for the individual sentiments of others, and this largeness of view is very nearly akin to generosity. So much, and much more to the same effect, may be said of middle age; and as we have all to spend so much of our life in company with middle age, we ought to be willing to pardon its distaste for bad poetry, its inability to waltz with distinction, and its tendency to thin the hair.

(*From Chambers' Journal.*)

VISIBLE SPEECH.

Mr. Alexander Melville Bell has recently brought under the notice of the Society of Arts his very remarkable system of *Visible Speech* or *Universal Language*, intended to remove an absurdity which vitiates all ordinary alphabets and languages. This absurdity is the utter want of agreement between the appearance of a letter or word and the sound which it is intended to convey; between the visible form of the symbol and the sound and meaning of the thing symbolised; between (for instance) the shape of the letter C and the value of that letter in the alphabets which contain it. This is an old difficulty—how old, we do not know; but to understand the proposed remedy, it will be necessary to have a clear idea of the defect to which the remedy is to be applied.

Spoken languages may, for aught we know, have had its origin in an attempt to imitate, by the organs of the voice, the different sounds which animate and [illegible]nate nature present. Man could thus recall to [illegible]nds of those around him those notions of ab[illegible] objects and past actions with which the sounds are connected. The expression of abstract qualities by the same means would be a later object, and one more difficult of attainment. When the *eye* instead of the ear had to be appealed to, or the signs rendered visible instead of audible, the system of hieroglyphics would at once suggest itself by marking on a tablet or paper, a piece of ground or a smooth surface of sand, a rude picture of the object intended. When we get beyond these preliminary stages, however, the difficulty rapidly increases. There is no visible picture by which we could convey the meaning of such sentiments as are called in English *virtue*, *justice*, *fear*, and the like, except by so elaborate a composition as it would require an artist to produce; nor could an audible symbol for each of these sentiments be framed. It would take a Max Müller to trace how the present complication gradually arose. That there *is* a complication, any one may see in a moment. What is there in the shape of the five letters forming the word *table*, in these particular combinations of curved and straight lines, to denote either the sound of the word or the movements of the mouth and other vocal organs which produce its utterance? Nothing whatever. Any other combination of straight and curved lines might be made familiar by common use, and substituted for our plain English word, with as little attention to any analogy between the visible symbol and the sound of the thing symbolised.

Numerous attempts have been made to devise some sort of alphabet in which the shapes of the letters should in some way be dependent on the movements of the vocal organs—not actual pictures of them, but analogies, more or less complete. Without going to earlier labors, we may adduce those of Professor Willis. Nearly forty years ago, he shewed that the ordinary vowel sounds—*a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*—are produced on regular acoustic principles; that "the different vowel sounds may be produced artificially, by throwing a current of air upon a reed in a pipe; and that, as the pipe is lengthened or shortened, the vowels are successively produced"—not in the order familiar to us, but in the order *i*, *e*, *a*, *o*, *u* (and with the continental sounds, *i* like *ee*, *e* like *ay*, *a* like *ah*, *u* like *oo*). Eighty or ninety years ago, Mr. Kratzenstein con[illegible] sounds. He adapted a vibrating reed to a set of pipes of peculiar forms. Soon afterwards Mr. Kempelen succeeded in producing the vowel sounds by adapting a reed to the bottom of a funnel-shaped cavity, and placing his hand in various positions within the funnel. He also contrived a hollow oval box, divided into two portions, so attached by a hinge as to resemble jaws; by opening and closing the jaws, he produced various vowel sounds; and by using jaws of different shapes, he produced imperfect imitations of the consonant sounds *l*, *m*, and *p*. By constructing an imitative of a bell-shaped piece of caoutchouc, imitative nostrils of two tin tubes, an imitative lungs in the form of a rectangular wind-chest, he produced with more or less completeness the familiar sounds of *n*, *d*, *g*, *k*, *s*, *j*, *v*, *t*, and *r*. By combining these, he produced the words *opera*, *astronomy*, &c.; and the sentences *Vous êtes mon ami—je vous aime de tout mon cœur*. By introducing various changes in some such apparatus as this, Professor Willis has developed many remarkable facts concerning the mode in which wind passes through the vocal organs during oral speech.

The useful work would be, however, not to imitate [illegible] cal sounds by means of mechanism, but to write them so that they should give more information as to the mode of production than our present alphabet affords. Such was the purport of the *Phonetic* system, which had a life of great activity from ten to twenty years ago, but which has since fallen into comparative obscurity. Mr. Ellis and the Messrs. Pitman published very numerous works, either printed in the phonetic language itself, or intended to develop its principles. Bible Histories, the New Testament, the Sermon on the Mount, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Paradise Lost*, *Macbeth*, *The Tempest*—all were printed in the new form; and there were numerous works under such titles as Phonetic or Phonographic Alphabet, Almanacs, Journals, Miscellanies, Hymn-books, Note-books, Primers, Lesson-books, and the like. The intention was not so much to introduce new forms of letters, as new selections of existing letters to convey the proper sounds of words. There was an unfortunate publication, the Fonetic Nuz, which worked more harm than good to the system, so that it was made a butt for laughter and ridicule more formidable to contend against than logical argument.

Mr. Bell contemplates something more than [illegible]. He has been known in Edinburgh for twenty[illegible] in connection with numerous works relating to Reading, Spelling, Articulation, Orthoepy, Elocution, the Language of the Passions, the relation between Letters and Sounds, Logograms for Shorthand, and the like. As a writer and teacher on these subjects, he had felt, with many other persons, how useful it would be if we could have a system of signs of universal application; letters which, when used in connection with any one language, could be vocalised with uniformity in every other. There are two obstacles to the attainment of this end: first, that the association between the existing letters and sounds is merely arbitrary; and second, that international uniformity of association is impracticable, because the sounds of different languages, and their mutual relations, have not hitherto been ascertained with exactitude or completeness.

Mr. Bell, as he tells us, feeling that all attempted collations of existing alphabets have failed to yield the elements of a complete alphabet, tried in a new direction. Instead of going to languages to discover the elements of utterance, he went to the apparatus of speech itself, endeavoring to classify all the movements of tongue, teeth, lips, palate, &c., concerned in the pronunciation of vocal sounds. By this means, he hoped to obtain, from the physiological basis of speech, an organic scale of sounds which should include all varieties, known and unknown. To transfer these sounds to paper, in the form of visible characters, a new alphabet was necessary. To have adopted letters from the Roman, Greek, or other alphabets, constructed on no common principle of symbolisation, would have been to introduce complexity and confusion, and to create a conflict between old and new associations. He therefore discarded old letters and alphabets of every kind. He set himself the task of inventing a new scheme of symbols, each of which should form a definite part of a complete design; insomuch that, if the plan of the alphabet were communicated by diagrams, each letter would teach its own sound, by expressing to the reader's eye the exact position of the sound in the physiological circuit. Could this object be attained, not only would there be a universal alphabet; there would be a scheme of letters *representative* of sounds, and not, like ordinary alphabets, associated with sounds only by arbitrary conventions.

Mr. Bell believes that he has achieved this result, and his expositions before the Ethnological Society, the College of Preceptors, and the Society of Arts, have had for their object the presentation of various phases of the system. The fitness of the term *visible* speech may, he urges, be shewn by the analogy of an artist who, wishing to depict a laughing face, draws the lines of the face as seen under the influence of mirth; he depicts, in fact, *visible* laughter. Every passion and sentiment, emotion, and feeling, has this kind of facial writing; and an idea of it might be expressed on paper by a picture of the muscular arrangements of the face, so that all persons seeing the symbols would have a common knowledge of their meaning. In forming any sound, we adjust the parts of the mouth to certain definite attitudes; and the sound is the necessary result of our putting the mouth in such a shape. If, then, we could represent the various positions of the mouth, we should have in those symbols a representation of the sounds which cannot but result from putting the mouth in [illegible] have applied this system of symbolisation to every possible arrangement of the mouth; he claims that, whatever your language, and whether you speak a refined or rustic dialect, he can shew, in the form of his new letters, the exact sounds you make use of. If this be so, a Chinaman may read English, or an Englishman Chinese, without any difficulty or uncertainty, after he has learned to form his mouth in accordance with the directions given him by the letters. Nearly all the existing alphabets contain vestiges of a similar relation between letters and sounds—a relation which has nearly disappeared during the changes which alphabetic characters have gradually undergone. Mr. Bell gave the following anecdote illustrating this relation. "Shortly before I left Edinburgh, in the early part of last year, an elderly lady called on me, accompanied by two young ladies, who were going out to India as missionaries. The elderly lady had been for upwards of twenty years engaged in mission-work, and she spoke the language of the district like a native. Nevertheless, she could not teach the English girls to pronounce some of the peculiar sounds which she had acquired by habit. They had been for some time under her instruction, but they could not catch the knack of certain characteristic elements. Having heard of 'Visible Speech,' the lady called to solicit my assistance. I knew nothing of the language she pronounced before me. Some of the sounds I had never heard in linguistic combinations, though, of course, I am acquainted with them theoretically. I saw the young ladies for half an hour, but this proved long enough to give them the power of pronouncing the difficult sounds which, while they did not know precisely what to do, they could not articulate. Strangely enough, since I came to reside in London, I heard a clergyman and former missionary, speaking of these very girls, remark on the great success with which they pronounced the Canarese language before they left this country; and the speaker knew nothing of their previous difficulty, or how it had been overcome."

The system analyses all sounds according to the mode in which they are produced. The number of sounds discriminated in various languages amounts to several times the number of letters in the English alphabet; and even in English, although there are only twenty-six letters, there are at least forty different sounds. The Church Missionary Society employ nearly two hundred different letters or symbols in their several printed books; and the list is even then imperfect as regards many of the languages.

Mr. Bell finds thirty symbols sufficient to denote all the two hundred varieties of vowel and consonant sounds. What kind of symbols they are, we do not know (for a reason presently to be explained); but he states that, while each elementary sound has its own single type to express it in printing, he requires only thirty actual types to express them as used in language. Each symbol has a name, which does not include the sound of the letter, but merely describes its form. The learner has thus at first only to recognise pictures. But the name of the symbol also expresses the arrangement of the mouth which produces the sound; so that, when the symbol is named, the organic formation of its sound is named at the same time. In order that thirty symbols may denote two hundred sounds, Mr. Bell has adopted certain modes of classification. All vowels receive a common generic symbol; all consonants another; vocality and whisper have their respective symbols; so have inspiration, retention, and expulsion of breath; so have the touching and the vibration of the several vocal organs; so have the lips, the palate, the pharynx, the glottis, and the different parts of the tongue; so has the breathing of sounds through the nostrils, or through nearly closed teeth. There are thirty of these generic meanings altogether, and they are combined to make up letters, every part of every letter having a meaning. The thirty symbols need not be represented mechanically by exactly thirty types; they may be embodied in a larger or smaller number, according to taste or convenience: such of the symbols as together represent simple elements of speech being properly combined in single types. "The highest possible advantages of the system," we are told, "would be secured by extending the number of types to about sixty. At present, I and my sons—as yet the only experts in the use of visible speech—write the alphabet in a form that would be cast on between forty and fifty types, which is but little more than the number in an ordinary English fount, including diphthongs and accented letters. This number does not require to be exceeded in order to print, with typographic simplicity, the myriad dialects of all nations."

Mr. Bell pointed out the prospective usefulness of his system in telegraphic communication. The symbols of speech may, in all their varieties, be transmitted by telegraphy through any country, without the necessity for a knowledge of the language adopted on the part of the signaler. He would only have to discriminate forms of letters; he may be totally ignorant of the value of a single letter, and yet may convey the telegram so as to be intelligible to the person to whom it is virtually addressed. It is known that the telegrams from India now reach London in a sadly mutilated and unintelligible state, owing to their passing through the hands of Turkish and Persian agents who do not know the English alphabet; an evil which, it is contended, would be removed by the adoption of the new system.

The mode in which Mr. Bell illustrated his method was curious and interesting. His son uttered a great variety of sounds—whispered consonants, vocal consonants, vowels, diphthongs, nasal vowels, interjections, inarticulate sounds, animal sounds, mechanical sounds—all of which are susceptible of [illegible] represented in printed or written symbols. Then, the son being out of the room, several gentlemen came forward and repeated short sentences to Mr. Bell, some in Arabic, some in Persian, some in Bengali, some in Negro patois, some in Gaelic, some in Lowland Scotch, some in Norfolk dialect; Mr. Bell wrote down the sounds as he heard them, without, except in one or two cases, knowing the purport of the words. The son was called in, and, looking attentively at the writing, repeated the sentences with an accuracy of sound and intonation which seemed to strike those who were best able to judge as being very remarkable.

There is something a little tantalising in the present state of the subject. We know that there is a system of symbols, but we do not know the symbols themselves. Mr. Bell states that, besides the members of his own family, only three persons have been made acquainted with the symbols, and the details of their formation—namely, Sir David Brewster, Professor de Morgan, and Mr. Ellis. He has not intended, and does not intend, to secure his system to himself by any kind of patent or copyright; and yet, if he made it fully public at once, he would lose any legitimate hold over it to which he is rightfully entitled. He has submitted his plan to certain government departments, but has found that it is "nobody's business" to take up a subject which is not included in any definite sphere of duty. He has next endeavored to interest scientific societies in the matter so far as to induce them to urge the trial of his plan by the government. He says: "I am willing to surrender my private rights in the invention *pro bono publico*, on the simple condition, that the cost of so introducing the system may be undertaken at the public charge." Teachers there must be; because "the publication of the theory of the system and the scheme of symbols must necessarily be supplemented by oral teaching of the scales of sounds, in order that the invention may be applied with uniformity." The reading of the paper gave rise to some discussion at the Society of Arts, not as to the value and merit of the system itself, but as to anything which the Society can do in the matter. It is one rule of the Society, that no new invention shall be brought forward without a full explanation of the *modus operandi* as well as of the leading principles; and in this case, the objection lay that the inventor declined to make public, unless under some government agreement, the actual secret of his method. Mr. Bell replied that, if even he were to write a sentence in view of the audience, it would add very little to their real knowledge of the subject; but, he furthermore said, he was ready to explain the details of the system to any committee whom the Council of the Society, or any other scientific body, may appoint. To us it appears that neither Mr. Bell nor the Society is open to blame in the matter; he has the right to name the conditions under which he will make his system public; while they have the right to lay down the rules for the governance of their own proceedings. The results actually produced struck the auditors generally with surprise; and there can be little doubt that the system will in some way or other, at all events, work itself into public notice.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1866.

The offices of the SATURDAY PRESS *have been removed from No.* 64 *Nassau Street to No.* 9 *Spruce Street, one door below the* TRIBUNE *Buildings.*

The TIMES notes as a curious fact that all the churches on Broadway which have come to a bad end have been *without spires*; the old Tabernacle, torn down some years since, had no spire, nor were there spires on St. Thomas', or Chapin's, or Osgood's. Between the Battery and Union Square there are now only three churches remaining—possibly they may be saved by their spires.

The RENO TIMES has been suspended for want of the Rhino. It was one of the most readable papers that came to our office. The editor asks us to keep up an exchange with its ghost. We shall do so out of common gratitude. When the concern is revived—of which there appears to be some prospect—we shall be happy to serve it in other ways. A good paper is something that the world ought not to willingly let die.

When the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" decide what is best to be done about the Russ pavement on Broadway, we hope they will pay some attention to other streets—Bleecker street, for instance, between Broadway and the Bowery—and see if human beings would not be greatly benefited in various ways, as well as animals, to say nothing of omnibuses and other conveyances, which, by the way, should have some Society to protect them.

The internal revenue authorities insist with considerable plausibility that every body who comes into the world should pay an income tax, and we suggest as a logical inference that everybody who goes out of the world should be made to pay an out-go tax.

The Boston Transcript, in a touching appeal to its advertising patrons for support, says:—

"One class of individuals we have no respect for, and that is those miserable, ungracious beings who are unhappy if a paper does not die soon after its appearance. They make it their mission to prophesy its decease, and take to writing its obituary in advance for the corners of various papers. They always find pleasure in placing the circulation at least one-half lower than it is. They always know of fabulous thousands sunk, and can foretell bankruptcy to a certainty. Of all despicable specimens of humanity, we know of none like these. We have encountered them all along since this paper was first devised, now three years and more ago, and can say that they have, by their downright falsehoods, done us more injury than a bevy of true-hearted friends could rectify."

This, coming from a paper to which we have traced directly about a dozen calumnious reports respecting the SATURDAY PRESS, is really funny.

A Philadelphia correspondent of one of our city weeklies, speaking of Mr. Forrest, says:—"Attached to his mansion in Broad Street (*our* Fifth Avenue), is a beautiful little theatre, in which it is Mr. Forrest's intention to have acting regularly taught, by himself and other competent persons, to a certain number of the youth of both sexes, who exhibit talent and taste for the stage." A school of actors educated after the Forrest school would certainly make a sensation.

In connection with the Meadville Theological Institute there is a "non-resident professorship of Mediæval Church History," which looks something like a joke, though not seemingly intended as one. It is seriously stated that the Rev. Charles H. Brigham, "*formerly* of Taunton Mass" has accepted the position, but his present address is not given. If he were one of our subscribers, we should be in doubt how to address a paper to him.

The New York HERALD had the following startling caption to a long editorial:—

"Shall we have the cholera or some other dreadful disease in New York?"

To which the Louisville JOURNAL replied:

"You pays your money and you has your choice."

The Boston TRAVELLER thinks a monument should be erected to Preston King, with an inscription setting forth that he was the only man that ever preferred death to office-holding.

It may safely be stated that there has not been one well-attested case of cholera either in New York or on any vessel which has arrived here since the city-papers began to work up the cholera sensation.

There is no doubt that the burning of the Academy of Music was the work of an incendiary. Why is not a reward offered for his detection?

The Fenians are again preparing to take Canada, while Canada proposes to take the Fenians. Success to both parties! Stephens proposes, for the present, to take nothing but money.

The Fire Insurance offices, it is said, hesitate about insuring places of amusement in this city, for the present, except upon condition that they advertise in the New York HERALD.

Among the passengers in the City of Boston which sails from this port for Liverpool to-day, are Mr. C. F. Browne, (Artemus Ward), Mr. E. H. House, and Miss Madeline Henriques.

Brentano, who is always up to the times, has just ordered an extra supply of the Autobiography of General Scott.

If you doubt whether "it takes all sorts of people to make a World," read any number of the WORLD newspaper.

Mr. Brook McVickar (Wild Edgerton) has finished his brilliant lecturing tour and expects, in course of a month, to be in New York.

All that is necessary to discover the incendiary of the Academy of Music is to offer a big enough reward for him.

There is a new drink in Washington composed chiefly of milk and water and called the "Natick Cobbler."

NEW AXIOM AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.—Evening exchange is no robbery.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—A place which everybody pitches into and—rushes into.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

BY FIGARO.

I have been laughing for the last half hour, Mr. Editor, at a young German who went with me to the French Theatre, the other night, to see Eichberg's "Doctor of Alcantara," and who advises me not to say a word about the performance, but to give up all my space to a description of two or three charming young ladies who sat near us.

He says he has been dreaming of nothing else ever since, and that it is episodes like this which give to Dramatic Feuilletons all their charm.

For proof, he refers me to the delicious chit-chat which "PERSONNE," in the early days of the SATURDAY PRESS, use to give about his "Anna Maria," and asks who cared, after reading that, anything about the writer's mere criticisms.

And so, for ought I know, was "PERSONNE."

As for me, I am no such a man.

Moreover, I have no talent for gossip, or I could give chapters of it every week which would amuse the whole town.

Yes, and I could add a little scandal, now and then, for I hear enough nightly about actors, actresses, editors, critics, etc., to fill a volume.

Aye, and there are three or four young gallants about town, whom I see nearly every night at some play or other, and the history of whose theatrical liasons, escapades, etc., would be more exciting than any romance.

In fact, I am often amused when attending the performance of a comedy to find the principal scenes acted in the audience quite as well as on the stage.

Not that this is a very striking remark, for of course the whole merit of a play is that it reflects some phase of human life—and as play-goers are pretty much man, so far as I have observed them, it is likely to happen at any time that what is being represented on the stage is but a feeble reflection of what is going on in the house.

"Well, then," says my German friend, "write out both, and give us some spicy comparisons."

A good kind adviser, is he not, Mr. Editor?

I told him to sit down and do it himself, and next Monday I would pay for all the lager he could get at Cruyt's.

But no: he would paint me a sketch of the prettiest of the young belles we saw the other night, and give me that for a text—and if I needed any further inspiration I must be dull indeed.

So we let the matter drop there, and here I am at the last moment with "The Doctor of Alcantara" on my hands—the fear of Eichberg before my eyes—a new and span new theatre to write about—and a dozen ugh other things to think of (if you only knew them as I guess you do) to set a man crazy.

Well, the opera, operetta, or whatever, is a compound brimful of fun in the text, sparkling with gaiety in the score, and so cleverly put together that after the first few scenes the action is so rapid and so exciting that the audience becomes fairly entranced.

A clever critic of the WORLD descants on the subject thus:

"Doctor of Alcantara" was modestly ventured before the public as a sort of feeler by which to determine, in some degree, the correctness of the manager's theory that there was a well-grounded desire for a lighter class of operatic music than had been introduced on the American stage. Mr. Eichberg argued very justly, as events have proved, that while course could be advantageously occupied in the extravagances of the mock-Ethiopian and the dignified entertainment comprised in grand opera. The comic operas of Cimarosa, which are classic models in their way, hardly meet the pecularly modern requirement. Nor have Donizetti, Rossini, or the Ricci, quite covered the broad field opened up within the past few years. What was found to be wanting was increased humorous exuberance, and a balance of comic power between the action, the characters, and the dialogue on one hand, and the music on the other. The literary position to be occupied lies midway between the domain of pure comedy and the expanse of broad burlesque, and invites the culture of refined wit and genial humor. A ground-work of farcical sentiment is essential. The characters must amuse by their well-sustained mock-importance. The dialogue—part in verse and part in prose—must readily serve the needs of the composer while naturally facilitating the progress of the action and provoking the mirth of an intelligent auditory.

The peculiarity of Mr. Eichberg's music is twofold—it defers to the refined taste of simple melody, and illustrates, with remarkable force, the comic nature of the action. In this last particular the success attained is distinct. Excited buttons would, at times, leap from accustomed fastnesses at the mere suggestion of the orchestra, even were the action to be developed by a corps of pantomimists. Thus the accompanyment to the mysterious quartett of the second act—"Good Night, Senor Balthasar"—(opening in B fat minor), electrifies the hair, chills the spinal region, and brings a pair of spooks, with goblins to match, before each half-amazed and half affrighted auditor.

The material of the plot (which Mr. Benjamin Woolf has, for convenience, borrowed from Grisar's "Bon Soir, Monsieur Pantalon") is almost too slight to wear reproduction here. Doctor Paracelsus and a waiting maid, Inez, are adroitly put in fear of their lives, through having been accidentally permitted a mysterious basket of goodly proportions to slip into the stream that flows—as is ever the poetic and refreshing habit of Spanish rivers—beneath the back piazza of the Charlatan's dwelling. It is discovered in due course that an enamored swain, in the shape of a youth with a guitar attachment, had been smuggled into the house with a view to declaring his intentions to Isabella, his inamorata. The basket being lost and young Carlos missing—he is hiding for dear life in a dark corner,—it naturally looks as if a murder case would be in time be placed upon the calendar of the Alcantara assizes. So think the physician and Inez. Hence confusion, fear, mystery. But Carlos turns up all right, and anxiety is relieved. A new source of trouble, however, is speedily developed. By mistake, Inez gives the young cavalier one of the Doctor's death-dealing mixtures instead of wine. He swoons, and, as the Doctor believes, dies necessarily—that draught being intended for particularly obstinate patients. The body is placed within the framework of a sofa until means can be taken to remove it beyond the pale of suspicion. Unfortunately it happens that the father of the young man now mourned—Senor Balthazar—introduces himself to spend a few days with the Doctor. He is obliged to use the sofa in lieu of a bed, the hour being late, and the guest's chamber unprepared. This circumstance easily leads the dramatist to a comical scene, occasioned by the Doctor and Ines attempting to remove the supposed remains of the son from underneath his father's improvised couch. The effort arouses both the sleeper and the hypothetical victim. Terror indescribable ensues. The alarm is sounded. The family assemble, lights are procured, and the wierd state of the situation is duly disclosed. Whereat all ends happily to congratulatory music.

The opera was first brought out, some four or five years ago, at the Boston Museum (of which Mr. Eichberg is the musical director), where it was performed by the regular company with such success that it was kept on the boards nearly three months.

There were no professional singers to speak of in the cast, but the melodies of the piece are so simple and effective that they almost sing themselves.

Here the cast is much stronger, so far as the singing is concerned, and nearly as strong in respect to the acting.

The distribution is as follows:—

Doctor Paracelsus	Edward Seguin
Senor Balthasar	George F. Ketchum
Carlos, his Son	William Castle
Don Pomposo, alguazile	H. C. Peakes
Peres	James Peakes
Sancho	Mr. Danks
Ines	Miss Caroline Richings
Donna Lucresia, Wife to Doctor Paracelsus	Mrs. Sophi Mozart
Isabella, her Daughter	Miss Zelda Harrison

Mr. Castle sings, in the part of Carlos, better than I have ever heard him before, and (a surprise to us all) acts with the ease and grace of an experienced comedian.

Miss Richings can hardly be praised for her acting, but sings well enough to make that a secondary matter.

Mr. Peakes and Mr. Seguin act and sing admirably throughout the piece.

Miss Harrison and Mrs. Mozart, both debutantes on the stage, have made themselves favorites already, though chiefly through their singing.

Mr. Ketchum, as Senor Balthazar, hardly charms anybody with his voice, but his acting of the part could hardly be improved.

Finally, the performance as a whole is a highly creditable one, and if we were earlier in the season it would be safe to predict for the "Doctor" as long a run as it had in Boston.

So you see the new theatre is pleasantly inaugurated, and despite its—but hold: I have not yet described it.

No, and come to think of it, it is hardly worth while to make the attempt.

The dailies have exhausted themselves (and their readers) on the subject, and, moreover, the only way to know anything about the edifice is to go and see it.

It looks to me like a timid young Academy of Music which but for the destruction of the old Academy would feel a little ashamed of itself.

However, it is a very cheerful place, for all that; and despite (as I was going to say a moment since) the fact that the parquette is in the basement, and the upper boxes in the skies, it deserves to rank among the most comfortable theatres in the city—not to say the most elegant.

The seats are the best I have ever known, and I am looking forward to many a nap in them—but not till Eichberg and Juignet go away.

I have seen but one of Juignet's performances, by the way, and that was Molières' "Tartuffe," on Tuesday night, which was about as good a performance as the French troupe have ever given us.

If you want to brush up your French, Mr. Editor, I advise you to go to Juignet's as often as you can.

You will hear the charming language not only on the stage but all about you—and in the latter case spoken frequently by lips that would make any language charming.

Yes sir-ee—and your next chance will be to night, when Dennery's fine comedy of "L'Aieule" will be given, and will be sure to call out all the youth and beauty of our French "Upper Ten," as Willis would say.

Dear old Willis!—how many fine phrases he has coined in his day, and how soon he will cease to coin any more!

He told me, only last Saturday, at Steinway's, where everybody that is anybody went to help lay the corner-stone of the Steinway Music Hall, that he felt his days were numbered.

I hope not, but sickness and sorrow have laid heavy hands on him, and he looks nearly as old and life-worn as your weary old Figaro.

Dear me, and how fresh and vigorous young Steinway looked beside us veterans.

However, there were not many veterans there—or at least not seemingly so—for even the father of all the Steinways looked as young and fresh as anybody.

And well he might, with the sun of prosperity shining upon him in such a blaze as to gild even the clouds that have fallen upon his hearthstone.

I tell you, Sir, there is nothing to rejuvenate a man like prosperity; especially when, as in this case, it is deserved prosperity—the prosperity that comes from industry, intelligence, liberality, and pluck.

Well did the Mayor say, as he laid the corner stone of the new Steinway Hall, that he was proud to be there to assist in an enterprise which reflected honor upon the city of which he was Chief Magistrate.

How I came to speak of the occasion I don't at this moment remember: O, yes, I do—it was apropos of Willis, who was one among the many celebrities present, and one who distinguished himself on the occasion by not making a speech.

I did the same: but so did not we all.

However, let that pass; we had a superb time, with lots of music, etc., (the etc. mostly in bottles at the start), and as soon as the Hall is finished we mean to have another—that is, those of us who are left.

And now, if you want to know what manner of Hall it is to be, you can read the following description which I clip from one of the morning papers:

The new Steinway Hall is built in connection with and directly in the rear of their Marble Warerooms, No. 71 and 73 East 14th Street, between Union Square and Irving Place, which were finished two years ago, and have been occupied by the Messrs. Steinway since. This edifice has a front on 14th Street of 50 feet and a depth of 84 feet. The first story is in the Corinthian style, with a Portico in the centre 17 feet wide, and projecting 5 feet from the face of the building. The Portico is constructed with fluted columns and pilasters, with full Corinthian caps resting on moulded and paneled pedestals. These columns support rich Corinthian entablatures with carved modillions. The part of cornice over the Portico is in the form of a segment. From the top of cornice to the under side of main cornice the front is in the Renaissance style, and is divided into three compartments by two rows of rustic blocks, extending from top to first story to the main cornice. The width of the centre compartment compares with the width of portico, and contains one large window in each floor, which are rather more ornamented than the side windows. All windows are ornamented with attached columns supporting rich segment form cornices. The main top cornice is supported by handsome carved modillion blocks and carved trusses, with a handsome pediment over the centre part of the building. Over cornice there is a handsome balustrade with a vase on each end. The four windows in front story have in each one single pane of plate glass. The inferior finish is of the most solid and best kind; all the principle wood-work, such as doors, stairs and partitions, dividing the office from the store, are solid black walnut, oiled and waxed. The main stairway is 12 feet wide; the entrance to the building is through a handsome Vestibule wainscoted and trimmed with black walnut. The floor is of Italian marble tile of mosaic pattern.

The Concert Hall, now being erected, is built in the most substantial manner; it extends from the rear wall of present building through to 15th Street, a distance of 123 feet. The Hall will be 75 feet wide and 43 feet high. The Basement walls are granite, 3 feet thick, the first story walls 2 feet 8 inches, and the walls of the Concert Hall 28 inches thick from floor to ceiling, with heavy supporting columns all laid in cement. There are two centre walls, running the entire length of the building, from the foundation directly under and supporting the beams of the Concert Hall floor, each wall 20 inches thick. The Stage will be placed at the end fronting 15th Street, and the main entrance will be from 14th Street, but there are also two doors of exit on each, 7 feet wide on either side of the stage, leading directly into 15th Street, thus allowing the Hall to be emptied in an incredible short space of time. Fronting 15th Street and along side the Hall on its Westerly side, an additional building is being erected, containing the Artist's Dressing Rooms, even with the Stage. The upper story will contain the windchests, and some of the heavy work of the organ. There will be two Galleries (one above the other) at the end of the Hall towards 14th Street, which will extend on either side of the Hall about one third of its length only.

The Hall will be finely decorated, and lighted and ventilated in the best possible manner that modern science affords, regardless of expense. It will be heated with steam, the steam generator being located outside of and some distance from the building. The front on 15th Street is being built of the finest Philadelphia front brick, with brown stone trimmings and finely ornamental Pillars and Caps. Connecting with the main Hall is a large room in the second story of the front building, 25 feet wide and 84 feet deep, affording room for 400 persons, so that there will be ample and comfortable sitting room for 2,500 persons. The fine organ, from St. Thomas' Church, of 32 Stops, has been purchased, and will be fitted up to serve temporarily until the Grand Organ is finished. On the whole it will be the finest and most elegant Concert Hall in the country, worthy of the Metropolis of New York.

I don't know that I have anything to add, Mr. Editor, except that Charles Reade's "Never too Late to Mend" will be played at Wallack's for another week (after which look out for Dan Bryant and something like presentable Irish comedy): that John Brougham is to commence "Playing with Fire" on Monday night at the Winter Garden: that Mr. Rowe will appear in "Medea" to-night at the Olympic (where, by the way, Mr. Treasurer Sutton had a splendid benefit on Wednesday last which he was entitled to): that Mr. Dillon will make his last appearance at Niblo's to-night in "Belphegor," to be succeeded next week by the Ravels; that Mrs. Howard is still delighting everybody with her Topsy at Barnum's: that the last sacred concert of the season will be given to-morrow evening at Irving Hall: that Blind Tom will give his first Matinée at the same place, to-day: and that if I am not at all of these places "to once," you will consider there are some things impossible to be done (I could mention several, just now) even by

Figaro.

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE TOILER.

Hear ye the toiler at the heart?
With zeal thereto he clings;
And every beat
He doth repeat,—
Repeat with little hammer that he swings.

By night, by day, he is at his work;
He neither sighs nor sings;
His labor falls
In gloomy halls,—
His only friend the hammer that he swings.

And hearts grow harder while he strikes,—
This toiler, as he clings!
Our day but runs,
His task is done:
How still the little hammer that he swings!

GEORGE COOPER.

(From the London Punch.)

MRS. BROWN SEES THE COMING HOME FROM THE DERBY.

Well, I says to Mrs. Maddick, I certainly should like to see 'em a-comin' home, as is a fine sight, with their shay carts, po' shays, four in hands, and all manner; but as to them parties as throws the flour and eggs, if they comes my way I'll settle their 'ash, pretty quick, with the police, for I'm sure the sight as I were through a standin' by Mile End Gate five year ago, to see them a comin' back from Fairlop Fair, I never shall forget. I was whitenin' and beggs from top to toe, and everythin' I had on regularly spoiled, as was a lovely black velvet bonnet trimmed with red ribbons, as looked that cheerful in the morning, and was batter pudding at night, and a new shawl, leastways as good as new, through 'avin' been cleaned, as brought the colors out as fresh as paint, as were orange and green, with a mauve ground.

Well, it was agreed as I should go and take tea with Mrs. Maddick, as lived just agin The Swan, at Stockwell, as were a bit of a country inn, when I was a gal, but now swep away into a fine lookin' house, but not like the old place a bit.

A kinder creature than Mrs. Maddick never drew breath, though a woman as has her faults, for she will let her tongue run that fust, as carries her off her legs, as the sayin' is, and the things as she told me about that young Bartleman a carryin' on with Lucy Bond a knowin him to be a married man, and yet a dancin' and a flirtin' with him, as is goin's on as I don't hold with, and so I said, but when she come to say a lot more about everybody, a runnin' down one and takin' up another, till at last I says, "Mrs. Maddick, mum, excuse me, but, I says, "the dog as can fetch can carry, as the sayin' is, and I don't see as we're doing any good to ourselves nor anybody else for that matter in talkin about their faults, as p'raps had better look at home as there's none of us as is without faults ourselves."

She says, "If you're a talkin' about me in speaking of faults, I certainly never had none like them as I'm speakin' on."

"Well, then," I says, "I dare say you'd others, as is p'raps as bad."

She was up in a minnit and asks me what I means a talkin' like that to her, and we was driftin' into words, as the sayin' is, when Maddick he come in, and so the subject dropped, and we had tea quite early for to be ready to set out for Clapham Common, as Maddick said was the best place for to see the company.

Of all the rough characters as ever I see out of town it was along that road. And the scrougin' and the pushin' as there was made it very unpleasant, particular to me as had a pair of shoes that big that they wouldn't keep on comfortable, and Maddick is a man as walks like a railway, and all up-hill was tryin' to the breath, and boys comin' along a shovin' and a drivin' till at last I was obliged for to stop and put my back agin some railin's, for to recover my breath and pull my shoes on proper.

Well, I was a takin' on it easy, when all of a sudden I gets a drive from behind as ketched me in the bend of the knee, and down I sat, as anyone nat'rally would, and it's a mercy as it were a prambulator as caught me, though I did sit on the children's legs as didn't hurt them, though nat'rally terrified. But of all the low-lived costers as was drivin' that prambulator I never did, and the female as was with him the abuse as they give in to.

"Come out of the prambulator," hollars he; "you'll smash the kids!"

I says, "It was you as throwed me on 'em, as did ought to be ashamed on yourself, a-actin that serreptitious behind my back, as might have ended serious through me a falling 'eavy."

Says the female, for a woman I won't call her, "It's my belief as you sit down malicious, a-thinkin for to get taken up the 'il."

"What," I says, "meeride in your rubbishin' prambulator as you've made out of a old dust cart, by the look on it," for it wasn't a regular prambulator, but a rough handbarrow like. So says he:

"It's lucky as it's pretty tough or you'd have smashed it, and I'd a made you pay; as ought to stand a pot as it is."

Well, Maddick come up and took me away just then as they was a-gettin downright nasty over it, and the children a-roarin' like bulls though not hurt, as how should they be, me only just a settin' light by their feet, as was whipped up again in no time by their mother as strong as a horse, as the sayin is.

I was glad when we got to the Common, though crowded up a good deal. I'm sure the shay-carts as was overtook in liquor was enough to make any one stare, with parties dressed out in 'em, as you might have expected carriages and pairs at the very least.

I'm sure them Greenwood gals looked that bold in their father's cart, with the name in gold letters, as I would not have gone out in myself, and adrinking ale at a public house door with their clothes reg'lar ruined with dust and their hair regularly powdered. And as to old Greenwood, as is a butcher, he couldn't set straight though a holdin' the reins as was a downright farce, not as the horse was likely to run away, for if ever I see a animal dead beat, as the sayin' is, he was standin, in them sharps as the weight behind made stick up to above his head, and seemed to be a-liftin' him off his legs.

We was a-standin' quiet a-lookin' at the four-horse coaches and other conveniences as was comin' on that thick as soon made 'em pull up, and the way parties was a-goin' on made me downright stare, with wails over their 'ats and little Dutch dolls stuck in 'em.

Well, there was a large party in a open carriage as was stopped, a-laughin' rather wild, and I must say, though dressed elegant seemed to me a little on. I was a-standin' on a heap by the roadside as brought me on a level with that carriage.

"I'm sure they've 'ad enough," I say in a whisper to Mrs. Maddick, as couldn't 'ave been laudable in their ears, when I see them take more wine out of a basket and begin to drink free. So says a bold gal, "You'd like a drop, wouldn't you?"

I didn't make no answer, but only give her a look as made her burst out a-laughin', and speak to one of the men as was with her. So he looks at me and says, "Rather? Why she's a reg'lar old woodcock for suction." I couldn't stand that, so I says, "You may jeer, but," I says, "when I do want to drink I can get it, and honest too."

I hadn't hardly got the words out when I got a shower of peas right in my face as thick as hail peltin'. I was blinded for the moment, but soon recovered my presence of mind so as to see the fellow as had done it and was up in the dickey. So I ups with my umbreller and give him one for hisself as sent him sprawlin' over, and just then all the carriages began to move on. Of all the shriekin' as ever you heard it was downright drownin' to the senses, and I'm sure I screamed as loud as any one through 'avin' been the cause; but, bless you, he'd fell light, as them in liquor always does, and Maddick he caught hold of me and hurried me away, a-sayin', "'Pon my life, Mrs. Brown, you'll get yourself into serious trouble if you will make that free with your umbreller." I says, "Do you think as I'm a goin' to be insulted like that, and no one to take my part, as it I'd had a man with me would a-done it."

"Who are you a-sayin' is no man?" says Mrs. Maddick, a-bristlin' up.

I says, "Never you mind what I'm a-sayin', as don't concern you," and turns away from her.

I'm sure the dust and the noise was that unpleasant as I wished myself home, and bein' hurt with the Maddicks' remarks I walks on by myself, and who should come up but Barnes and Jane, as is Brown's sister, in a four-wheel shay.

"Who'd a-thought of seein' you here?" says they, "as we were a-goin' to call on in our way home, through 'avin' lots of cold meat in the basket, and thought as he'd take supper with." Well, I was that hurt with the way as the Maddicks had treated me that I says, "Do so."

"Well, then," says they, "you'd better get into the seat behind."

I was that tired as I wasn't sorry for the chance. So in I got though dreadful squeezy work through the basket not a-leavin' no room for my legs, and the seat that small as I were more outside than in. If I'd had the least consumption of what I should have had to suffer, nothin' in this world would have got me into the back of that shay; for, bless you, what, with the boys a-flickin' at me with whips, a-jumpin' up behind and a-bonnetin' me, and rough characters a-peltin' at me, I never had such a ride. My bonnet was reg'lar smashed, I was hollared at and pelted shameful, parties a-shoutin' out as I should be the death of the horse. One fellow bawls out, "Here's a sack of fat." Another says to Barnes, "Hold hard, there's the back of your shay a-comin off," as he treated derisive, when just then if the pole of a carriage didn't come right over my shoulder. I gives a violent wrench for to save myself, and the seat give such a crack as made me ketch hold of Barnes' coat collar, and pulled him sudden, as made the horse back on to some roughs in a tilt cart, as whipped their horse and got locked in our wheel, and in tryin' to extricate it took the wheel clean off. I felt I was agoin' gradual, and screamed for help through bein' that terrified as I should have the shay on me, as the basket was quite enough of a good thing on my chest, particularly as the bottles had broke, and I felt all the liquor runnin' over me. They picked me up, but really Jane and Barnes was that unpleasant as when on my legs I walked myself home, as wasn't far off, and haven't seen nothin' of Barnes and Jane since, nor yet spoke to Mrs. Maddick, as was offended in me a-goin' away; not as I considers her conduct friendly, and the best way for them as can't agree is to keep separate, and such is my intention, for the world's wide enough for us all, as the sayin' is.

MIXED.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* (Radical Democrat) having been burned out of its former establishment; that paper is being printed at the office of the *Times* (Radical Republican). The *Commercial* of that city pleasantly comments upon the incidental perplexities of the situation as follows:

The editorial corps of both papers occupy the same room. We can imagine the embarassments that must occasionally result from such a mingling of politically antipodes—abolition editors on one side of the table, and Democratic editors on the other, peppering away at each other with the deadly lead (pencil), and thrusting vicious stabs at each other with flashing steel (pen), to say nothing of the clash of resounding scissors, which play no unimportant part in the engagement. Just think! nothing but a narrow table between such fiery belligerents. One side trying to haul ten States into the Union by the collars of their gray jackets, and the other side endeavoring to keep them out by tugging at their abbreviated coattails. Between them the States are having a tough time of it.

Enquirer editor is horrified to find himself writing an article in favor of the civil rights bill, and discovers that he has got on the wrong side of the table. *Times* editor, making a similar mistake, catches himself eulogizing Andy Johnson.

The 'clippings' get mixed upon the way to the compositors, and if it were not for great circumspection on the part of the respective foremen, each paper would copy and endorse the most pernicious doctrines. Suppose the pressman should print the *Enquirer* on one side and the *Times* on the other, the mistake not being discovered until several packages had been sent of with the early mails. Who can picture the consternation which would seize the respective proprietors? Boiling with rage, they rush to the press-room together, and discharge the unfortunate pressman with one voice. The indignation of the *Enquirer* folks is only equalled by the shame of the *Times* people. Both assert, with equal bitterness, that they vere never so humiliated before.

It must be very confusing to visitors, this singular fellowship. A Copperhead from Holmes county rushes in, grasps *Times* editor warmly by the hands, under the impression that he is editor of the *Enquirer*, assuring him that 'Holmes county can't be drafted.' He don't know the war is over. Malignant radical mistakes *Enquirer* editor for *Times* editor, and thinking to curry favor with him, chuckles over the destruction of the *Enquirer* establishment. He is summarily kicked down stairs by the combined editors of the two papers.

What a scene election night must present as the returns come in, each side of the table trying to figure out a victory, and each side of course, claiming it. A frantic struggle between the *Times* man and the *Enquirer* man, as each tries to thrust his flag out of the same window—compromised at last by hanging them from different stories, which is quite appropriate, from the fact that they tell different stories about the election. A brass band is played in front of the office. The serenade is claimed alike by both the editors. They appear at different windows and return their thanks, both speaking together, which confuses the band to such an extent that they march off in several directions, each man playing a different tune. It is a terrible mix, take it altogether.

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A PERPETUAL MOTION-SEEKER.

The celebrated French physician, Pinel, relates the case of a watchmaker who was infatuated with the chimera of perpetual motion, and to effect this discovery he set to work with indefatigable ardor. From unremitting attention to the object of his enthusiasm, coinciding with the influence of revolutionary disturbances, his imagination was greatly heated, his sleep was interrupted, and at length a complete derangement took place. His case was marked by a most whimsical illusion of the imagination: he fancied that he had lost his head upon the scaffold; that it had been thrown promiscuously among the heads of many other victims; that the judges having repented of their cruel sentence, had ordered their heads to be restored to their respective owners, and placed upon their respective shoulders; but that, in consequence of an unhappy mistake, the gentleman who had the management of that business, had placed upon his shoulders the head of one of his unhappy companions. The idea of this whimsical change of his head occupied his thoughts night and day, which determined his friends to send him to an asylum. Nothing could exceed the extravagance of his heated brain: he sung, he cried, or danced incessantly; and as there appeared no propensity to commit acts of violence or disturbance, he was allowed to go about the hospital without control, in order to expend, by evaporation, the effervescence of his spirits. "Look at these teeth!" he cried; "mine were exceedingly handsome; these are rotten and decayed. My mouth was sound and healthy; this is foul and diseased. What difference between this hair and that of my own head!"

The idea of perpetual motion frequently recurred to him in the midst of his wanderings; and he chalked on all the doors or windows as he passed the various designs by which his wonderous piece of mechanism was to be constructed. The method best calculated to cure so whimsical an illusion appeared to be that of encouraging his prosecution of it to satiety. His friends were accordingly requested to send him his tools, with materials to work upon, and other requisites, such as plates of copper and steel, and watch-wheels. His zeal was now redoubled; his whole attention was rivetted upon his favorite pursuit; he forgot his meals, and after about a month's labor our artist began to think he had followed a false route. He broke into a thousand fragments the piece of machinery which he had fabricated with so much toil, and thought, and labor; he then entered upon a new plan, and labored for another fortnight. The various parts being completed, he brought them together: he fancied that he saw a perfect harmony amongst them. The whole was now finally adjusted—his anxiety was indiscribable *—motion succeeded;* it continued for some time, and he supposed it capable of continuing forever. He was elevated to the highest pitch of ecstacy and triumph, and ran like lightning into the interior of the hospital, crying out, like another Archimedes:—"At length I have solved this famous problem, which has puzzled so many men celebrated for their wisdom and talents!" Grievous to add, he was checked in the midst of his triumph. The wheels stopped! the *perpetual motion* ceased! His intoxication of joy was succeeded by disappointment and confusion; though to avoid a humiliating and mortifying confession, he declared that he could easily remove the impediment: but, tired of such experimental employment, he determined for the future to devote his attention solely to his business.

There still remained another imaginary impression to be counteracted—that of the exchange of his head, which unceasingly occurred to him. A keen and unanswerable stroke of pleasantry seemed best adapted to correct this fantastic whim. Another convalescent, of a gay and facetious turn, instructed beforehand, adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of the famous miracle of St. Denis, in which it will be recollected that the holy man, after decapitation, walked away with his head under his arm, which he kissed and condoled with for its misfortune. Our mechanician strongly maintained the possibility of the fact, and sought to confirm it by an appeal to his own case. The other set up a loud laugh, and replied with a tone of the keenest ridicule:—"Madman as thou art, how could St. Denis kiss his own head? Was it with his heels?" This equally unexpected and unanswerable retort forcibly struck the maniac. He retired confused amidst the laughter which was provoked at his expense, and never afterwards mentioned the *exchange of his head.*—*Temple Bar.*

CLERGYMEN.

The shortest chapter in the work of the great Professor Teufelsdroeck was the one devoted to Church-clothes, from which it unluckily results that we have no really philosophical account of the effects of black coats and white ties upon the human character. It is evident that no man can go about in such a dress for a long time without erecting a certain barrier between himself and the rest of his species. The English officer delights to get off his uniform; the judge, when he is not upon the bench, retains no distinctive symbol of his dignity; but the clergyman is permanently confined to a costume which shows that he is not quite as other men. This peculiarity must evidently have a share in moulding his mind. In the absence, indeed, of any scientific theory, we cannot tell how the white tie gradually works itself, into his habits, his character, and his mode of thought, but we may gather certain general results from the changes to which the dress has been subject. Thus, in his recently published sketches of the English clergy, Mr. Trollope points out the important revolution corresponding to the abandonment of the episcopal wig. No one can calculate how much awe has departed from the popular mind as a direct consequence of the change. Bishops, indeed, still wear aprons, and on due occasions they indulge in the glories of lawn sleeves. But there is something about a wig, irrational as the ornament may appear to the thoughtless, which is peculiarly propitious to majestic dignity. If the judges gave up their wigs, we should anticipate the abolition of capital punishment; it would be scarcely possible to pronounce sentence of death in a natural head of hair. The Speaker without his wig could never preserve order in the House of Commons; he would sink to the level of the President of a Continental assembly, and would soon be ringing a bell, and indulging in conversational sparring matches with honorable members, as though they were his fellow-creatures. The disappearance of the episcopal wig undoubtedly corresponds to a change of character in the same direction. The old bewigged bishop was one of the glorious abuses of the British Constitution. He might be receiving a princely income, filling his best livings with his relatives, laying in a cellar of port, and defrauding his successors by taking fines for leases up to the last day of his life. He was able, in short, to live in harmony with a wig; he was a being to whom it was impossible to look up to without the reverence due to complete success in life; he had done thoroughly well for himself, and it was proper that men should speak well of him. The ordinary bishop of the present day is cruelly shorn of his glory as well as of his head-dress. No one feels that he is really an abuse, or, in other words, that he is deserving of much envy. He lives in a palace, and has five thousand a year; but he does not break out into that exuberant and portly prosperity the contemplation of which is so truly delightful to the benevolent mind. He has plenty of work, and seeks for the reputation of being a good man of business; which means that he answers all his letters punctually, and never gets into a scrape. There is something painfully humdrum and monotonous about this as compared with the old-fashioned style of existence. The ancient bishop was a noble crown to the edifice, all the more impressive because he did not do much from a purely utilitarian point of view; the present bishop is in danger of resembling a well-paid head-clerk in a flourishing business establishment.

Mr. Trollope has endeavored to trace out the similar change which has taken place throughout the different classes of the clergy. They are all being gradually cut down to the modern prosaic pattern. Deans and chapters indeed remain in a happy sheltered bay apart from the general current of affairs. The precise nature of their duties is still somewhat of a mystery to the general public; but their incomes have been fixed according to an unyielding standard; they are cramped and confined, and not allowed to expand to their former beauty. The good old country rector, with a certain flavor of sound old port about him, still remains; but he occupies a smaller space than formerly in the profession; he is more and more obscured by the growth of town incumbents, busy men with abundant duties, and incomes brought to the favorite level of three hundred a year. The diminishing attractiveness of the position is proved by the partial substitution of "literates" for members of the old Universities. The sleek, comfortable, well-dressed parson is obscured by the ranks of comparatively rusty coats of rather seedy respectability. The type which approximates to the Sunday-school teacher is daily becoming more numerous in proportion to the type which culminated in the magnificent bishop of former times. It is true that a certain compensating process takes place. There are perhaps fewer clergymen after the fashion of those who are still to be found in the remote places of Cumberland or Wales. It would not be easy to find a parallel to that exemplary character who, in the last century, raised a large family upon a stipend of 5*l.* a year, eked out by spinning flax, and by the profits of a small public-house. There is a levelling upwards as well as downwards; and, if the eminences are less marked, there are not so many profound depressions. The highest rank of the clergy does not include so many men of princely fortune, but the lowest are not in the habit of marrying the servant-maids of their patrons.

The results of this change are, of course, in some respects gratifying. It is due to a greater pressure of public opinion upon the clergy. We perhaps get more work out of them by distributing their incomes more equably, and, by bringing them all to a certain standard, we avoid many flagrant evils. Such a process is taking place in most other classes of society. But there are some ways in which it has a specific effect upon the clerical profession which is not so evident elsewhere. The peculiar influences to which a clergyman is exposed are specially intensified in their action. The ambitious youth, who resolves upon being an archbishop in preference to reaching the more troublesome eminence of the Chancellorship, has his course of action plainly defined.

The ideal bishop of the present day is more than ever a man who is pre-eminently safe. He should be one of those happily constituted persons who will never give offence to the most delicate and nervous organization. He must be able, like David Deans, to keep the safe middle course in all things, avoiding right-hand snares and extremes, and left-hand way-slidings. He must impress the dispensers of patronage with the conviction that, when placed in a practically irresponsible position, he will never take advantage of his security to commit any eccentricities. If he attaches himself to any party, he must take care to keep well on its inner flank, and never to leave too great a gap between himself and the great body of tolerably neutral observers. Any flashes of originality of which he may be guilty will be so many stumbling-blocks in his way. A man who could wear a wig was evidently in some respects superior to pthe rest of human kind, and might be allowed to deviate occasionally into paths of his own. But a gentleman in an apron and without a wig is manifestly meant to walk only in the most trodden ways. The slightest touch of indecorum, theological or otherwise, would be altogether out of character. The consequence is that a bishop is generally irreproachable to a fault, and his official inferiors are apt to share in his error. We have doubtless as many clergymen of ability and learning as we have had at any time; but they are apt to follow in each other's footsteps with a monotony which becomes rather oppressive. It is never a happy position for a young man to feel that his first duty is to avoid originality, and that he can hardly do anything odd without calling down a severe censure. To some extent, this is the necessary condition of the clerical profession at all times. A man who has committed himself to teach other people their duty, and to maintain a certain set of doctrines, is bound by chains of his own making, and, if accepted with due deliberation, there is no reason why they should gall him. But the tendency is at present to bind him down more strictly than ever. There never was a time at which respectability was so sternly enforced, and every deviation from the accepted type set down as a sin against respectability. Thre was a long controversy some time ago as to whether clergymen or ladies might hunt. It is a problem in casuistry whether clergymen ought to play cricket, and the wearing of beards is considered in certain dioceses to approach very near to a sin. In fact, the code of minor morality for a young clergyman is made to approach as nearly as may be to that of the opposite sex. He is made to wear his clerical costume as a badge of this servitude to public opinion. It is like the convict's dress, worn to prevent any risk of escape, or the academical cap and gown which marks the youth subject to proctorial authority. He can never hope to soar into the region of comparative independence formerly symbolized by the wig; and such heavens of refuge for the less commonplace as denaries and canonries, are more difficult of attainment than formerly; they remain stationary whilst the profession expands in every other direction. It is still true that the clergyman of the Church of England is less in bondage than the clergyman of any other church; but certainly his bonds do not tend to become more relaxed than formerly. Mr. Trollope in the sketches we have mentioned, is particularly hard upon the Fellows of colleges who take orders; he seems to be of the ordinary opinion that a clergyman who is not employed in direct parochial duty has no business to be a clergyman at all. This, however, is a singularly narrow view; the Fellows of colleges are in fact amongst the most useful, because amongst the most independent, members of their profession. The old-fashioned don, who did nothing but vegetate within the walls of his college till a living dropped into his mouth, has become nearly extinct; his successors in the present day are at least men who keep up the traditions of learning and study, and who form a small body less exposed than any of their brethren to the imperious demands of the British public for undeviating mediocrity. It is something to have at least two places in England where a clergyman may think for himself, without being compelled at once to square his opinions with the prejudices of the religious public.

If the clergy are rather in danger of being confined too narrowly to beaten tracks, they certainly have a recompense. Respectability is a quality which is never quite thrown away at the present time, and they have every advantage for cultivating it in perfection. A clergyman may not play cricket, or wear his beard, or indulge in colored clothes. He must not express any opinions that savor of anything that is naughty. But if he likes to comply with these terms, he need have very few thorns in his path. He is rewarded for compulsory mediocrity by winning admiration on singularly easy conditions. There is a little society which will be only too glad to turn him into a saint if the smallest excuse is given for their admiration. The biographies of the heroes of the religious world at the present day seldom tell us of any very appalling self-sacrifices. Attendance at missionary meetings, and the regular preaching of orthodox sermons, and steady visitation of the poor are excellent things in their way, but they do not require any very great qualities. A man who does not become bored by them, who is not unduly sensitive to faults in taste, who can stand a good deal of rather unctious adulation, and who is content to repeat the old doctrines in the old language with the complacent air of an original thinker, may discharge such duties as these very comfortably. If he is a popular preacher, their discharge will entitle him at once to a premature canonization; a body of female disciples will hang upon his words with profound admiration. He can easily extend his influence even to that large part of the male population which admires a safe man above all other characters. If he writes a book with a little popular philology or natural history properly tinctured with religion, he will gain a sound literary reputation; and at the price of a very little abstinence from irregularity, he may obtain the still more useful glory of being a good man of business. The man who is best fitted fo high success in the clerical profession is not a man of superabundant vigor, for negative quantities are at least as important to him as positive; one occasion in which he has kicked over the traces may do him more harm than he can repair by years of steady going. He must therefore be a man who combines a power of pushing with a power of never getting into scrapes. That such men are really the most useful at the present day, when we want steady work rather than brilliant efforts, is very probable; and they are certainly exemplary in every relation of life; but, as compared with the clergy of former days, there is a decided falling off of the picturesque element, and a tendency to introduce a uniform dead level both of character and ability.—*London Saturday Review.*

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE GENTLE EUPHEMIA:

OR

"LOVE SHALL STILL BE LORD OF ALL."

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

"Lo, I must tell a tale of chivalry,
For large white plumes are dancing in mine eye."
KEATS.

CHAPTER I.

"——Knowledge, so my daughter held
Was all in all."—TENNYSON.

The gentle Euphemia lived in a castle, and her father was the Count Grandnostrel. The wise Alasco, who had dwelt for fifty years in the mullioned chamber of the North Tower, was her tutor, and he taught her poetry, arithmetic and philosophy, to love virtue, and the use of the globes.

And there came the Lord of Mountfidget to her father's halls to drink the blood-red wine, and make exchange of the beeves and swine of Mountfidget against the olive and dried fruits which grow upon the slopes of Grandnostrel. For the pastures of Mountfidget are very rich, and its beeves and swine are fat.

"And peradventure I shall see the fair Euphemia," said the young Lord to Lieut. Hossbach, of the Marines, who sojourned oft at Grange of Mountfidget, and delighted more in the racket-court, the billiard-table, and the game of cards, than in guiding the manœuvres of his trusty men-at-arms. "Peradventure," said the young lord, "I shall see the fair Euphemia, for the poets of Grandnostrel sing of her peerless beauty, and declare her to be the pearl of pearls."

"Nay, my Lord," said the Lieutenant, "but an you beheld the girl once in that spirit, thou art but a lost man, a kestrel with a broken wing, a spavined steed, a noseless hound, a fish out of water; for credit me, the fair Euphemia wants but a husband, and therefore do the poets sing so loudly." For Lieut. Hossbach knew that were there a lady at the Grange, the spigot would not turn so freely.

"By my halidome," said the young lord, "I will know whether the poets sing sooth or not."

So the Lord of Mountfidget departed for the Castle of Grandnostrel, and his beeves and his swine were driven before him.

Alasco the Wise sat in the mullioned chamber, with the globes before him and Aristotle's volume under his arm, and the gentle Euphemia sat lowly on a stool at his feet. And she asked him as to the lore of the ancient schools. "Teach me," she said, "as Plato taught, and the learned Esculapius and Aristides the Just; for I would fain walk in the paths of knowledge, and be guided by the rules of virtue." But he answered her not at all, nor did he open the books of wisdom. "Nay, my father," she said; "but the winged hours pass by, and my soul is athirst!"

Then he answered her and said:—"My daughter, there cometh hither this day the young Lord of Mountfidget, whose beeves and swine are as the stars of heaven in number, and whose ready money in many banks brings in rich harvest of interest. He cometh hither to drink the blood-red wine with your father, and to exchange his beeves and swine for the olives and the dried fruits which grow upon the slopes of Grandnostrel; and peradventure he will ask to see thy father's daughter. Then wilt thou no longer desire to hear what Plato teaches, or how the just man did according to justice."

But Euphemia replied, "Nay, my father. Am I no better than other girls that I should care for the glance of the young man's eye? Have I not sat at your feet since I was but as high as your knee? Teach me still as Plato taught."

But Alasco said, "Love will still be lord of all."

"He shall never be lord of me," said Euphemia.

CHAPTER II.

"And from the platform spare ye not
To fire the noble salvo shot—
Lord Marmion waits below."—SCOTT.

And in those days there was the rinderpest in the land among the cattle, and the swine were plagued with a sore disease, and there had gone forth an edict and a command from the Queen's Councillors that no beeves or swine should be driven on the highway. So there came upon the Lord of Mountfidget men armed with authority from the Queen, and they slew his beeves and his swine, and buried their carcases twenty fathoms beneath the ground.

And the young lord was angered much, for he loved his beeves and his swine, and he said to himself, "What will my lord, the Count Grandnostrel, say unto me, if I visit him with empty hands? Will the blood-red wine be poured, or shall I see the gentle Euphemia?" For the Count Grandnostrel was a hard man, and loved a bargain well. "But I have much money in my banks," said the Lord of Mount-

fidget, in council with himself. "And though my beeves and my swine are slain and buried, yet will he receive me; for the rich are ever welcome, though their hands be empty." So he went up the slopes which led to the Castle of Grandnostrel.

And at the portal, within the safeguard of the drawbridge, there were huge heaps of dried fruits, and mountains of olives. And there came out to him the Count Grandnostrel, and demanded of him where were his beeves and his swine. And the lord told the count how men in authority from the Queen had come upon him on the road, and had slain the beasts, and buried them twenty fathoms beneath the earth—because of the rinderpest which raged in the land, and because of the disease among the swine. Then said the Count Grandnostrel, "And art thou come empty-handed to drink the blood-red wine; and hast thou never a horn or a tusk! If my butler draw but a sorry pint for thee, I'll butler him with a bastinado! No, not a cork! Get thee gone to thy Grange." So he drew up the drawbridge, and the sweet scent of the olives and of the dried fruits were borne aloft by the zephyrs, and struck upon the envious senses of the young lord.

"And shall I not see thy daughter, the gentle Euphemia?" said he.

Then the Count Grandnostrel called to his archers and bade them twang their bows; and the archers twanged their bows, and seven arrows struck the Lord Mountfidget full upon the breast. But their points availed nought against his steel cuirass: so he smiled and turned away.

"Nay, my lord, Count Grandnostrel," said he, "thou shalt rue the day when thou treated thus one who has ready money in many banks; I will set the lawyers at thee, and ruin thee with many costs."

Then, as he walked away, the archers twanged again, and struck him on the back. The good steel turned the points, and the arrows of Grandnostrel fell blunted to the ground. But I fear there was one arrow which entered just above the joint of the knight's harness, and galled the neck of the young lord.

But as he went down the slopes there waved a kerchief from the oriel window over the eastern parapet.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, cos, cos, cos, cos, my pretty little cos,
Dost know how many fathom deep I am in love?"
SHAKSPEARE.

'Twas midnight, and there came a soft knock at the door of Alasco the Wise. But Alasco heard it not, for he was drinking in the wisdom of the ancients with all his senses, and his ears were deaf to all earthly sounds.

"Sleepest thou, my father?" said the gentle Euphemia, as she opened the door, "or is thy soul buried amidst thy books?"

"Daughter," said Alasco the Wise, "my soul is buried among my books. The hour is short, and the night cometh, and he who maketh not his hay while the sun of life shineth, shall hardly garner his crop beneath the cold, damp hand of death. But for thee, my child and thy needs, all other things shall give way." Then he wiped his pen, and put a mark in his book and closed his lexicon.

"My father," said the girl, "didst thou hear my father's archers, how their bows twanged this morn?"

"I heard a rattling as of dried peas against a window pane," said the sage.

"It was the noise, father, of the arrows, as they fell upon the breast of the Lord Mountfidget. And they fell upon his back, also, and alack! one has struck him on the nape of his neck! And then he rode away. Oh, father!"

"And is it thus with thee, my child?" said Alasco.

"Thus, father," said Euphemin; and she hid her face upon the serge of his mantle.

"Did I not say that love should still be lord of all?" said the sage.

"Spare me, father," said the damsel. "Spare he child that has stood at thy footstool since she was as high as thy knee. Spare me, and aid me to save my lord!"

Then they sallied forth from the small wicket which opens into the forest from beneath the west barbican.

CHAPTER IV.

"Come back! come back! he cried in grief,
My daughter, oh, my daughter!"
CAMPBELL.

"When he found she'd levanted, the Count of Alsace
At first turned remarkably red in the face."
BARHAM.

And in the morning the Count of Grandnostrel called for his daughter. And his eyes were red with drinking, and his breath was thick, and he sat with his head between his hands. For he had drunk the blood-red wine sitting all alone through the night, laughing, as he quaffed down goblet after goblet, at the discomfiture of the lord of Mountfidget.

"Rinderpest, indeed," he had said. "He that cometh hither empty-handed is likely to return adry. Ho! there, butler! another stoup of Malvoisie, and let it be that of the yellow seal." But in the morning he had called for a cool tankard, and now he demanded his daughter's presence, that she might pour for him the cup which cheers but not inebriates.

"Where is the Lady Euphemia? Why tarries the Lady Euphemia?" But the attendants answered him never a word. Then he called again. "Why cometh not my child to pour for her father the beverage which he loves? Now, by cock and pie, and that old greybeard detain her, he shall hence from the mullioned chamber—and that with a flea in each ear." But still they answered him not a word. Then he up with the tankard from which he had taken his morning's brewst, and flung it at the menial's head. "Thou churl, thou sot, thou knave, thou clod! why answerest thou not thy liege and lord?" but the menial put his hands to his bruised head, and still answered he never a word.

Then there entered Dame Ulrica, a poor and aged cousin of the house, who went abroad to dances and to tea-parties with the gentle Euphemia.

"An' please you, my lord Count," said Dame Ulrica, "Euphemia has fled this morning by the small wicket which leads from the west barbican into the forest, and Alasco the Wise has gone with her."

Then the Count Grandnostrel stood up in his wrath, and sat down in his wrath, and stood up in his wrath once again. "That tankard full of gold pieces," said he, "to him who shall bring me the graybeard's head."

Then the archers twanged their bows, and the men-at-arms sharpened their sabres, and the volunteers looked to their rifles, and the drummers drummed, and the fifers fifed, and they let down the drawbridge, and they went forth in pursuit of the wise Alasco and the gentle Euphemia.

"By cock and pie," said the Count Grandnostrel, "and it be as I expect, and that sorry knave from Mountfidget is at the bottom of this——"

"In that case it will be meetest, my lord, that she should be his wife," said the Dame Ulrica, who was riding on a palfrey at his right hand. And when she spoke the ancient virtue of the old race was to be seen in her eye, and might be heard in her voice.

"Thou sayest well, Dame," answered the Count.

"And the Lord of Mountfidget has beeves and swine numerous as the stars, and ready money in many banks," said Dame Ulrica. For Dame Ulrica was not virtuous only, but prudent also.

"By cock and pie, thou sayest sooth," said the Count Grandnostrel; and, as they had now reached the Fiery Nostril, a hostel that standeth in the hill overlooking the olive gardens of the castle, the Count called loudly for the landlord's ale. "By cock and pie this is dry work," said the Count Grandnostrel. "But we will squeeze Mountfidget drier before we have done with him."

Then the menials laughed, and the pot-bellied landlord swayed his huge paunch hither and thither as he shook his sides with merriment, "Faix, and it is my Lord the Count is ever ready with his joke," said landlord.

So they paid for the beer and rode on.

CHAPTER V.

"A breathing but devoted warrior lay,
'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away." BYRON.

In the upper chamber of a small cottage, covered with ivy and vines, lay the Lord of Mountfidget, hurt unto death; for one of the arrows had touched him on the nape of the neck, and the point had been dipped in the oil of strychnine. And there leaned over his couch a widow, watching him from moment to moment, touching his lips ever and anon with orange juice mixed with brandy, and wiping the clammy dew from his cold brow. "Lord of Mountfidget," she said, when my dear husband was torn from my widowed arms, thy father gave unto the poor widow this cottage. Would I could repay the debt with my heart's blood."

Then the door of the chamber was opened, and there entered a young page, whose slashed doublet and silken hose were foul with the mud of many lanes, and the dirt of the forest clung to his short cloak, and his hair was wet with the dropping of the leaves, and his cap was crushed, and his jacket was torn.

"He is here! he is here!" said the page. "I have followed him by his blood through the forest." Then the page fell at the bed-foot, and there he fainted.

CHAPTER VI.

Meanwhile war arose.—MILTON.

But as the page sank upon the floor, a small bottle fell from his breast coat-pocket, and the widow saw that it was labeled "antidote for the oil of strychnine." Then the widow's heart leaped for joy, and as she poured the precious drops into the gaping wound, she said a prayer that the page might recover also.

But what noise is this of horses and of men around the humble vineyard of that poor widow? "Tiraloo, tiraloo, tiraloo-ooh!"

"Ha!" said the Mountfidget, raising himself on his elbow, "'tis the war-cry of the Grandnostrel!" "Rowdadow, rowdadow, rowdadow-dow; then greeted his ears. "Ha, ha!" he cried. "Rowdadow, a rowdadow; 'tis the war cry of the Mountfidget!" And he grasped the sword which lay beneath his pillow. "Mountfidget to the rescue! Shall a man lie still and perish beneath the bedclothes? Ho, a Hossbach! ho, a Walker! For Walker was the Captain of the men-at-arms at Mountfidget, and the lord knew the voice of his trusty clansman.

"Aha! alas! alack! and well-a-day," said the young lord. "Nought can repay me now—either interest or principal. All my money at all the banks cannot prolong my life one hour. No, nor my beeves and swine, though they outnumber the stars of heaven, and are fatter than a butter-tub. It is all up with poor Mountfidget."

"Nay, say not so, my lord. If only I could reach the wise man that liveth in the mullioned chamber of the north tower, he hath a medicine that might yet be of avail."

Then Mountfidget demanded who was the wise man, and where was the mullioned chamber of the north tower; and when he learned that aid could be had only from the Castle of Grandnostrel he sighed amain, and sighed again, and then he thus addressed the widow:

"Ay, help from Grandnostrel; yes; but not such aid as that. I want no grey-bearded senior to rack my dying brains with wise saws; but if it might be given me to let my eyes rest but once on the form of the gentle Euphemia, methinks I could die contented."

Then the widow looked through the lattice-window, and told him how the fight went. But no one thought of the page upon whose brow the clammy hand of death was falling as he lay at the bed-foot.

CHAPTER VII.

"Close against her heaving breast
Something in her hand is pressed."
LONGFELLOW.

Alasco the Wise had been left in the forest, and was unable to stir another step. "'Tis the blood of the Mountfidget," he had said, when he saw the gouts upon the path, "I know it by its purple hue, and by its violet scented perfume. Follow it on, but take that bottle with thee. And, stay—lest thy sex betray thee to ill-usage from the boors, take this page's raiment which I carry in my wallet and put the bottle in thy breast coat-pocket. If thou find, as is too likely, a gaping wound in the nape of the neck, naught can restore him but this. Pour it in freely, and he shall live. But if he shall first have heard the war-cry of thy father to disturb him, then he shall surely die."

So the gentle Euphemia had gone through the forest, and had reached the chamber of the window in which lay the Lord of Mountfidget.

And as she lay at the foot of the bed, slowly there came back upon her mind a knowledge that she was there. She put her hand to her bosom in haste and found that the bottle was gone. Then a terrible sound greeted her ears, and she heard the war-cry of her father: Tiraloo, Tiraloo, Tiraloo-ooh! "He is dead," she cried, springing to her feet. "He is dead, and I will die also."

Then the widow knew that it was Euphemia. "No, thou gentlest one," she said; "he shall not die. He shall live to count the fat beeves and the many swine of Mountfidget, and shall be the possessor of much money in many banks; and thou, thou gentlest one, shall share his blessings. For love shall still be lord of all."

"I do confess," said the gentle Euphemia in a silvern whisper—in a silvern whisper what was heard by him beneath the bedclothes—"I do confess that love is lord of me." Then she sank upon the floor.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I charge you be his faithful and true wife,
Keep warm his hearth and clean his board; and when
He speaks, be quick in your obedience."
ELIZ. B. BROWNING.

And then they all returned to the Castle of Grandnostrel, and on their way they took up the wise Alasco, who had remained in the forest.

"Nay, father," said the damsel, smiling, "but thou hast been right in all things, and hast taught me better than Plato ever taught."

"And was not I young once myself!" said the sage. So when the blood-red wine had warmed his old veins, and made supple the joints of his aged legs, he tripped a measure in the castle hall, and was very jocund.

So the lord of Mountfidget was married to the gentle Euphemia. But when three months were passed and gone, Lieutenant Hossbach had returned to his regimental duties.

And love shall still be lord of all.

CHARLES LAMB. Thousands will pause and read anything relating to this beloved humorist, delightful essayist, quaint genius, long-suffering martyr and faithful brother, who wins upon all by his virtues, as much as by his special and unrivalled attractions as a writer. The memory of him only grows more fragrant as the years pass away; and new hosts of admirers come with every new generation. The place where he last lived and where he died is visited, even thus early, by pilgrims who have a kindly curious sympathy with anything ever associated with his name. The correspondent of the NEW YORK TRIBUNE lately redeemed a promise made to himself to visit Edmonton, and gives the following interesting narrative of his excursion:

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

Edmonton is about ten miles out of London, lying on the southeast; you reach it by the Great Eastern Railway, starting from Shoreditch. A journey, mostly over the housetops of a dingy neighborhood, brings you through the outskirts of the giant metropolis and heterogeneous blending of town and country common to all suburbs, to fields and the little town in question; the "station" where one alights being partly over "the wash," or pond, celebrated in Cowper's immortal ballad of John Gilpin. Church lane, leading to the church-yard, is close behind; five minutes will bring you to the latter. I inquired my way of a fellow-traveller, who resembled a retired military officer, wearing the cap, beard and moustache appropriate to one. He professed himself an inhabitant of Edmonton and civilly asked me if he could be of any service in directing me more minutely, when I told him my object. "Charles Lamb!" said he, "I recollect the old gentleman very well! I helped to bury him." I stared and questioned him, when he proved to be the sexton of the place. He could give me no *live* memoranda of Elia, beyond the fact that "he always dressed in black" (which I knew before) but pointed out the house where he died—we were close to it—and subsequently guided me to the grave. I shall speak of the house first; it has not been described in any of the publications about Lamb, nor, so far as I am aware of, been put in print at all.

It is in Church lane, and known as Bay Cottage (then as now), a modest little tenement, approached by a narrow strip of garden, and shouldered into the background by more pretentious neighbors—one a "villa," with a lion ramping in stone, or at least in plaster, on each side of this carriage entrance. Down this strip runs a central grass-plot, margined by trim flower beds, a walk of neat whitened flagstones leading to the low, old fashioned door. The house is a decidedly small one, two stories in height, evidently of brick, plastered, with warm yellow-brown stains upon it, a blue slate roof, of two different angles, divided by a horizontal line. The adjoining houses rise above it, as well as squeeze it into the rear. One old-fashioned window, opening centrally, with sixteen small panes of glass to it, affords light to the ground floor; there are two above. In this upper room Charles Lamb died. The neatest, humblest, quietest of retiring places, Bay Cottage—it may take its name frow a clump of greenery near the door—must have looked just the same during his residence as it does now—as it did on the mild, dull April afternoon that I stood gazing through the rails at it, listening to the reedy thrill of a trush singing in the trees next door, and fancying that "quaint figure in black" emerging from the threshhold, and coming with "a bland [illegible] smile" toward me.

A very brief space brought us to the churchyard. It is a large, irregular-shaped one, with many perpendicular white tombstones in it, fewer flat ones, and numerous green mounds of the ordinary form; there are trees environing it. The church, built of white stone, with some handsome windows of the "decorated," and "perpendicular" styles, and here and there well massed with ivy, is above the average. Lamb's grave lies away to the left, as you enter from Church-lane, between two gravel paths, not far from the tarred fence of a large garden, which makes a sharp angle in the churchyard. It has a tallish stone at the head, with the inscription and well-known lines written by "Dante" Carey, cut entirely in Italian capital letters (two lines overrunning, the redundant words are inserted below on the *right-hand side* of the stone like a refrain), and a small one at the foot containing simply the initials of those beneath. Between is a neatly, and, I think, newly-turfed mound. The adjacent monument of "Gideon Rippon of Eagle House, Edmonton, and the Bank of England," on the right, is not a "hideous erection of the fluted order of village architecture," invidiously described in the *Saturday Review* four years ago, but a peatish tomb of the modern Greek style, with quadrupled pediment, Soaneau ornaments and a low iron rail surrounding it.

Neither is Lamb's grave now "overgrown with nettles and long grass," as then was probably the disgraceful truth (though, by the way, the sexton denied it), for one could see by the discoloration of the headstone that at least one foot nine inches of earth had, not very long ago, been removed from it; while that at the foot must have needed all but excavation. At present the grave and all its belongings looks decent enough—thanks, perhaps, to that irascible Saturday reviewer. It was no less than sixteen feet deep—on the sexton's authority, corroborated by that epithet applied to it by Talfourd. He also confirmed the biographer's statement that, when the grave was re-opened to admit the body of Mary—thirteen years after that "afternoon wintry walk, on which about a fortnight before his death he had pointed out to his sister the place where he wished to be buried"—the coffin of Charles Lamb appeared quite sound. "So dry," says Talfourd, "is the soil of the quiet churchyard, that the excavated earth left perfect walls of stiff clay, and permitted us just to catch a glimpse of the still untarnished edges of the coffin in which all the mortal part of one of the most delightful persons who ever lived, was contained, and on which the remains of her he had loved with love 'passing the love of woman' were henceforth to rest. They were lovely in their lives, and in death they are not divided.

RATHER HARD ON THE CATTLE IF THEY COULD ONLY APPRECIATE IT.—At a recent meeting of the Board of Health, it was decided that cattle would not be allowed on Fifth Avenue. What effect will this have on the price of beef? The Board of Health have also decided against the use of mineral waters, unless by the advice of a physician who has studied their virtues, and knows to what cases their use may be serviceable. A committee has been appointed to decide whether or no the use of ice-water is proper during the summer months. And this reminds us of an old joke about ice, which we can trace with fond remembrance to the Boston POST, to the effect that in winter, when we are not particularly in need of ice, there is an abundance of it; but in summer, when it is a positive luxury, it is difficult and expensive to obtain it. The Board of health will, in a few days, have something to decide about coffee, and tea, and chocolate; and the questions as to what we shall eat and drink, and when and where we may eat and drink, having been decided according to the latest laws and authorities, the next question to decide will be what we may wear, whom we may marry, where we shall live, etc. Meanwhile, look out sharp for the cholera, and it will be sure to come.

A late London paper advertises that "two sisters want washing," everybody who "wants washing" should advertise, the newspaper business would look up a little.

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BOOKS.

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FOR
JUNE, 1866.

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The concluding account of the "Last Days of Walter Savage Landor" contains several letters by the old poet, some relating to our late war—and much interesting anecdote.

"The Passage from Hawthorne's Note-Book" continue the charming narrative of his life at Brook Farm.

Mrs Stowe relates the story of a nameless New England Saint.

"A Pioneer Editor" is a valuable biographical sketch of Dr. Bailey of the National Era.

"Dr. Johns" is concluded, and another instalment of "Griffith Gaunt" is given.

Other interesting prose articles; characteristic poems by J. G. Whittier, H. W. Longfellow, and E. C. Stedman; and some very full and interesting critical notices of new books, make a number of great attractiveness.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

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"The Little Southerners," by Mrs. Edward A. Walker; "A Tennessee Farm-House," by J. T. Trowbridge; a charming article on "Sea Life," by the author of "The Seven Little Sisters;" "Mother Magpie's Mischief," one of Mrs Stowe's exquisite stories; and another part of the wonderful "Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," render this number of OUR YOUNG FOLKS full of remarkably interesting reading, while there is the usual attraction of Rebuses, Charades, Puzzles, and our Letter-Box.

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